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INTERMEDIATE  
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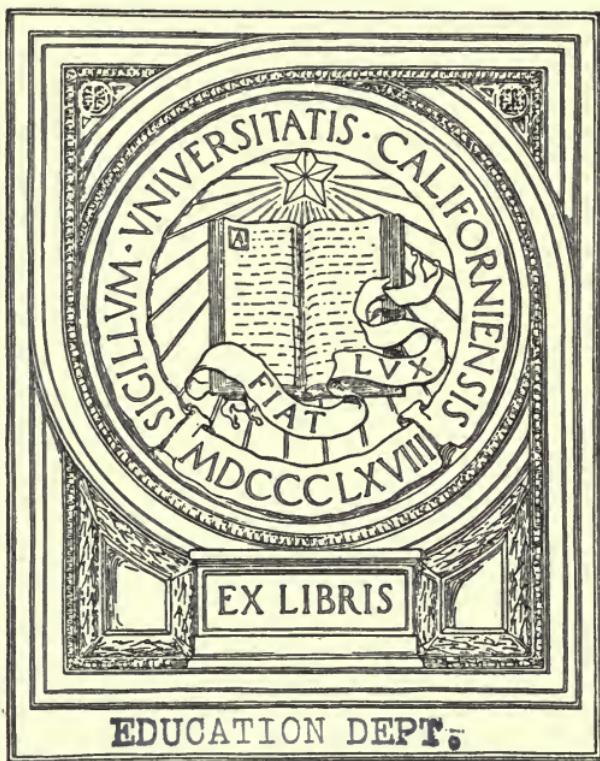
FOR A GRADE IN THE ELEMENTARY  
SECOND AND THIRD YEARS OF  
SCHOOL AND HOME.

School and Home.

MARCUS WILSON.

NEW YORK,  
HARPER & BROTHERS,

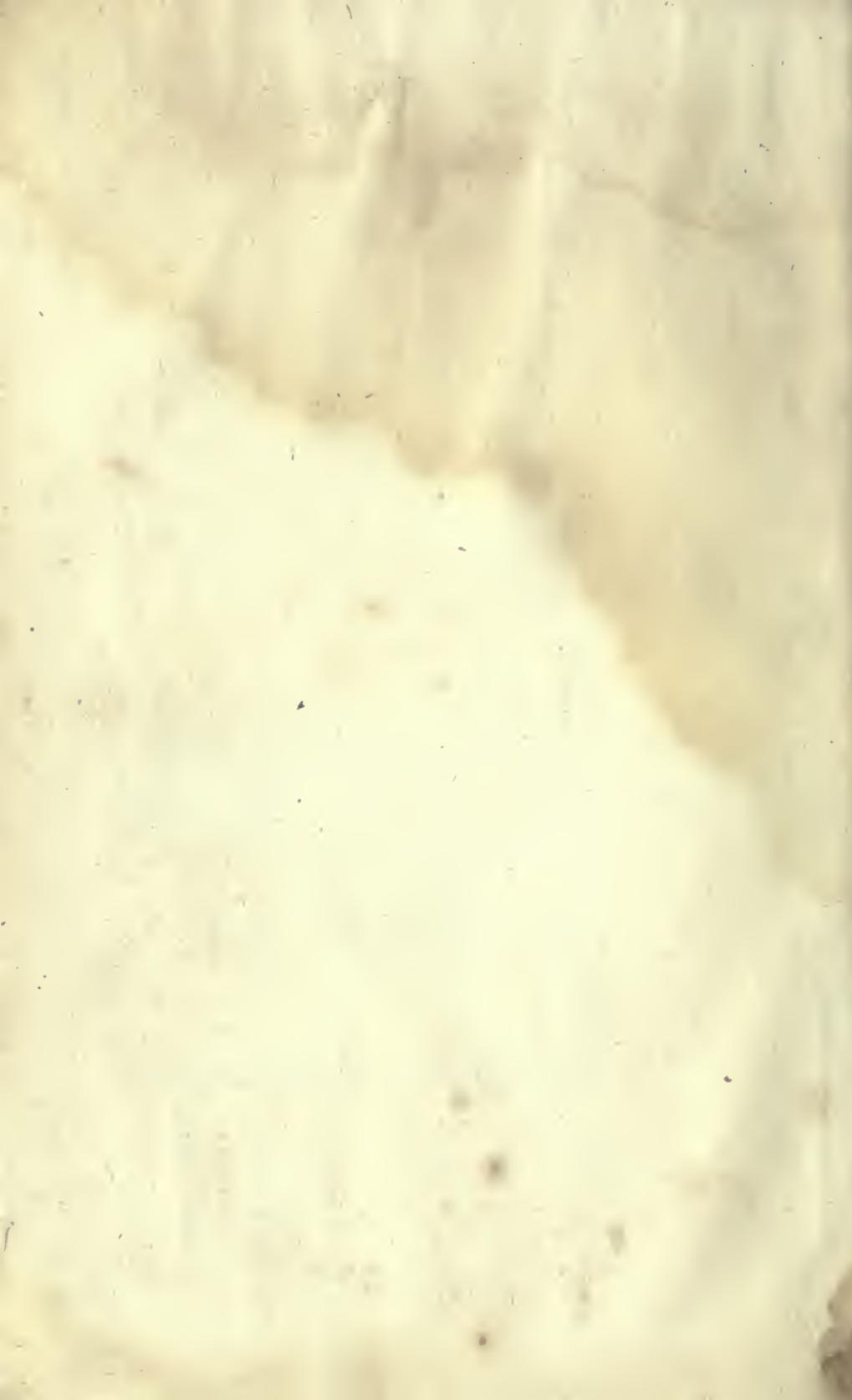
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WILLSON'S  
INTERMEDIATE  
SERIES.

A  
**THIRD  
READER,**

OF A GRADE BETWEEN THE  
**SECOND AND THIRD READERS**  
OF THE  
*School and Family Series.*

MARCIUS WILLSON.

NEW YORK:  
**HARPER & BROTHERS,**  
FRANKLIN SQUARE.



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EDUCATION DEPT.

## P R E F A C E.

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THIS Reader is designed to be used between the Second and Third Readers of the School and Family Series, by those who wish additional reading matter, of this *intermediate* grade, for their pupils.

While the present work aims to furnish a great variety of reading exercises—much of it *emotional*, with numerous lessons on character, duty, etc.—it nevertheless adheres to the general principles on which the other Readers were written. Thus, although much the larger portion of the work consists of what may be called *miscellaneous* reading matter, yet a few easy lessons upon the metamorphoses, uses, habits, etc., of *Insects*, have been introduced, designed as *introductory* to the general subject of the INSECT WORLD, which is set apart for a higher Reader. By this means, those pupils who do not progress so far as a *Sixth* Reader, may obtain some little elementary knowledge of some very interesting subjects in Natural History, which, at this early stage, could not be treated in detail.

A feature of this Reader, to which we would call the special attention of teachers, is the series of brief Notes throughout the work, explanatory of the lessons. The object is to make prominent the *character*, *design*, and *tendency* of each lesson, in addition to its rhetorical use, and thereby to aid the teacher in questioning the pupils, and in enforcing upon them the truths designed to be taught, and the principles to be inculcated. The reading of every lesson should be followed by questions to the pupils, and explanations by the teacher, which should not be limited to what is actually contained in the lesson, but should be extended to what is appropriately *suggested* by it also.

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# INTRODUCTORY.

## ELEMENTS OF GOOD READING.

### I. ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the art of uttering accurately, and distinctly, the various vocal sounds represented by letters, syllables, and words.

Correct articulation is the basis of good reading and speaking. It implies an exact knowledge of the vocal sounds, and their use in words as determined by the best speakers.

#### ELEMENTARY VOCAL SOUNDS.

The elementary vocal sounds may be divided into three classes: eighteen *Tonics*, or pure tones, represented by the vowels *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *y*; fifteen *Subtonics*, or modified tones, represented by the consonants *b, d, g* hard, *j, l, m, n, ng, r, th* soft, *v, w, y, z, zh*; and ten *Atonics*, or mere breathings modified by the organs of speech, and represented by the *Aspirates f, h, k, p, s, t, th* sharp, *ch, sh*, and *wh*.

#### EXERCISE I.—*Tonic Sounds.*

In the following table let the pupil give, first, the *name* by which the sound is designated, then the *example*, and, lastly, the *element*. After this, let him give the *elements* only.

Name.	Example.	Element.	Name.	Example.	Element.
A long	Fâte	â	A before r	Fâre	â
A short	Fât	ă	A as in	Lâst	ă*
A Italian	Fär	ä	E long	Mête	ē
A broad	Fâll	ă	E short	Mët	ĕ

\* By many considered the same as short *a* (ă); by others as *intermediate* between *a* in fit, and *a* in fär.

Name.	Example.	Element.	Name.	Example.	Element.
I long	Pīne	ī	U long	Tūbe	ū
I short	Pīn	ī	U short	Tüb	ü
O long	Nōte	ō	U obtuse	Fūll	ū
O short	Nōt	ō	Oi as in	Toil	oi
O, like,	Mövē	ö	Ou as in	Bound	ou
long oo					

EXERCISE II.—*Tonic Sounds, continued.*

Let the pupil pronounce the following words accurately and distinctly, giving to the letters in Italics the sound denoted by the vowel at the head of the paragraph.

A long, as in *fāte*: fame, ale, ape, date, slate, gate, tame, same, flame, wave, save, whale; sail, hail, gauge, say, great, freight, deign, they, com-plain', con-vey', in-veigh', neigh'-bor.

A short, as in *fāt*: bat, fat, lad, hat, man, pan, can, began', fan'-cy, mar'-ry, com-pan'-ion; plaid, guar'-an-ty.

A Italian, as in *fär*: barn, farm, mart, fa'-ther, star, car, har'-py, mar'-tyr, a-larm', balm, parch'-ment; heart, hearth, guard, haunt, daunt, flaunt, launch, gaunt'-let, jaun'-dice, a-vaunt'.

A broad, as in *fall*: ball, call, hall, tall, salt, nor, form, storm, fought, sought, ought; fault, cause, au'-ger, aw'-ful, au'-thor, law'-yer, al'-ways, au'-gust, bal'-sam, bau'-ble, pal'-sy.

A, as in *fāre*: care, share, dare, rare, snare, stare; hair, there, heir, com-pare', for-bear', de-clare'.

A, as in *läst*: grass, pass, staff, dance, branch, chance, chant, graft, waft, blast, grasp, class, mas'-tiff, past'-ure, plas'-ter, bom'-bast.

E long, as in *mēte*: theme, scene, scheme; beard, field, yield, fiend, grieve, brief, leaf, quay, seize, pique, ma-rine', treat'-y, re-lief', be-lief', re-ceive', de-ceive', re-ceipt', len'-ient.

E short, as in *mēt*: men, wren, bed, fed, helm, yes, chest, egg, ket'-tle, mer'-it, tep'-id; bread, said, says, saith, friend, realm, man'-y, guess, leop'-ard, spe'-cial, pref'-ace, heif'-er, a-gain'.

I long, as in *pīne*: fine, twine, shine, smile, mile, vine, kind, child, might, isle, blight, flight, o-blige'; height, type, buy, sky, al-ly', de-fy', ap-ply', aisle, guile.

I short, as in *pīn*: tin, fin, since, fill, pill, miss, hiss, bid, hid, ring, prince, quince, skip, whip, ser'-vile, ag'-ile; myth, lyr'-ic, bu'-sy, sieve, cyn'-ic, cyl'-in-der.

O long, as in *nōte*: told, fold, sold, vote, dome, roll, port, home, more, on'-ly, po'-et; loathe, dough, glow, flow, soul, sew, beau, bu'-reau, yeo'-man, en-croach', haut'-boy.

O short, as in *nōt*: blot, dot, bond, fond, pond, fox, shot, odd, rob, sob, fos'-sil, fos'-ter, do'-cile, pros'-pect; was, wash, wand, watch, wasp, knowl'-edge.

O, like long oo, as in *möve*: prove, lose, tomb, do, who, dis-prove'.

U long, as in *tūbe*: tune, use, mute, cube, tube, fume, pure, lute, flute, du'-ty, cu'-bic, cu'-rate, mu'-sic, re-sume', en-dure'; new, few, pew, Tues'-day, pur-suit', beau'-ti-ful.

U short, as in *tüb*: tun, sun, hut, just, dust, cull, buzz, sung, thumb, vul'-gar, hur'-ry, husk'-y; son, dove, does, rough, tongue; her, sir, term, verge, earth, verd'-ure.

U obtuse, as in *full*: pull, bull, bush, push, puss, pul'-pit, pul'-ley, butch'-er, cuck'-oo, cush'-ion; could, woudl, should, góod, hood, wolf, wool, foot, book.

Oi, as in *toil*: boil, coil, foil, void, coin, tur-moil', em-broil', foi'-ble, re-joice'; coy, toy, joy, boy, em-ploy', oys'-ter.

Ou, as in *bound*: sour, hour, pound, proud, noun, doubt, trout, ground, shout, de-vout', a-round'; now, vow, brown, town, crowd, vow'-el, en-dow'.

### EXERCISE III.—*Subtonic Sounds.*

The following will be found useful exercises for securing distinctness of articulation. Pronounce the *Italic* letters very distinctly; also, give the vowel sounds correctly.

B, as in bāle, bād, bār, bāll, bāre, bāss; bēast, bēst; bīnd, bīll; bōne, bōt, boor; bū'-gle, būg'-gy, būl'-ly; boil, bound. Bābe, drāb, rōbe, prōbe, bab'-ble, bab'-bler, in-hab'-it.

D, as in dāle, dāb, dārk, dāwn, dāre, dāst'-ard; dēal, dēbt; dīve, dīd; dōme, dōt, mood; dū'-ty, dūst, good. Mod'-est, de-duce', ad'-ded, wed'-ded, da'-ted, fa'-ded, si'-ded.

G, as in gāle, gāg, gārb, gall, gāir'-ish, gās; gēar, guēst; guīle, gīll; gōre, gōt, goose; leg-ūme', in-gūlf', goi'-tre, gout. Beg'-gar, gew'-gaw, guin'-ea, plague, guard, egg, jug.

J, as in *jail*, *jäck*, *jär*, *jaw*; *jëst*, *gëst'-ure*, *gën'-ius*; *gi'-ant*, *gib'-bet*; *jü'-ry*, *jüdge*, *judg'-ment*, *jus'-tice*. Edge, ledge, wedge.

L, as in *läme*, *lämb*, *lärk*, *taüll*, *läir*, *läss*; *lëast*, *lëss*; *liné*, *bil*; *löne*, *löt*, *loose*; *lü'-rid*, *lüg'-ging*, *bul'-ly*. Loll, live'-ly, love'-ly, aw'-ful-ly.

M, as in *mäde*, *mäd*, *mär*, *mall*, *mâre*, *måss*; *mëat*, *mënd*; *mïnd*, *mill*; *mōan*, *möt'-to*, *möve*; *müle*, *mü'l'-lin*. Mam'-mon, mo'-ment, hymn, mem'-o-ry, me-men'-to.

N, as in *näme*, *nä'-val*, *näp'-kin*, *när-cot'-ic*, *naught*, *näu'-tillus*, *näst'-y*; *nëat'-ly*, *nët'-tle*; *nëight'-ly*, *nëin'-ny*; *nö'-ble*, *nön'-sense*, noose; *nüde*, *nüm'-ber*. Ban'-ner, gnaw, kneel, kitch'-en, hy'-phen.

Ng, as in *bäng*, *kïng*, *rïng'-ïng*, fling'-ing, an'-ger, con'-gress, noth'-ing, pro-long', drink, plank, lynx, tin'-ker, ran'-kle, mon'-key, con'-quer, an'-chor.

R, as in *räid*, *räd'-i-cal*, de-bär', râre, râsp, rëar, rëst, rïse, rïv'-er, rö'-ver, röt-ten, rood, ru'-ral, rüsh. E-ter'-nal, for'-mer, for-bear', mur'-mur.

Th, soft, as in *that*, *this*, *these*, *those*, *with*, *thus*, *tithe*, *clothe*, *breth'-ren*, *far'-thing*, *fa'-ther*, *breathe*, *wreathe*, *hea'-then*, *there'-fore*.

V, as in *väin*, *väl'-id*, *vär'-nish*, *väst*, *vëal*, *vëst*, *vile*, *vïl'-lain*, *vöte*, *viv'-id*. Weave, sev'-en, re-vive', re-volve', pre-serve'.

W, as in *wäil*, *wäg*, *wall*, *wâre*, *weak*, *wëst*, *wïld*, *wïll*, *wöve*, *woof*. Be-wâre', way'-ward, worth'-less, wel'-come.

Y, as in *you*, *use*, *use'-ful*, *year*, *yawn*, *yawl*, *young*, *yon'-der*, *mill'-ion*, *fil'-ial*, *pon'-iard*, *span'-iel*.

Z, as in *zéal*, *zëst*, *zïnc*, *zône*, *as*, *was*, *maze*, *prize*, *flies*, *a-rise'*, *dai'-sies*, *prais'-es*, *breez'-es*.

Zh, as in *az'-ure*, *brä'-sier*, *glä'-ziér*, *leis'-ure*, *mëas'-ure*, *o'-sier*, *sëiz'-ure*, *vis'-ion*, *col-lis'-ion*, *plëas'-ure*, *träas'-ure*,

#### EXERCISE IV.—Atonic Sounds.

F, as in *fâme*, *fän*, *fär*, *fall*, *fâre*, *fast*, *fëast*, *in-fëst*, *fïnd*, *fill*, *föam*, *fönd*, *food*, *fü'-el*, *fün'-nel*, *ful'-ly*, *foil*, *found*. *Fan'-ci-ful*, *prof'-fer*, *craft'-y*, *rough*, *e-nough'*, *cough*, *trough*, *laugh*, *laugh'-ter*, *phys'-ic*, *phan'-tom*.

H, as in *häte*, *häd*, *häll*, *häir*, *häarse*, *hëld*, *hïve*, *hïll*, *hõne*,

*hōt, hoot, hū'-mid, hūm'-ble, hound. Hot'-house, be-hest', off'-hand.*

K, as in *kāle, käl'-mi-a, kaw, kēel, kēdge, kīnd, kill, cāne, cān, cär, seek. Ech'-o, cho'-rus, ep'-och, con'-quest.*

P, as in *pāle, pän'-el, pär'-don, pal'-sy, peár, pāss, pēace, pēst, pīne, pīn, pōle, pōnd, poor, pū'-pil, pūn'-ish, pūl'-ley, poi'-son, pound. Hap'-py, pip'-pin, pup'-pet, rap'-id, creep, grope.*

S, as in *sāil, sād, stār, salt, cor'-sāir, sēal, sēnd, slīme, slīm sōle, sōl-id, stū'-por, sūb'-ject, soil, sound. Sin'-less, sci'-ence, scene, schism.*

T, as in *tāme, tān, tār, tall, teár, tāsk, tēar, tēnt, tīme, tīll, tōne, tōp, tōur, tūne, tūrn. Tit'-ter, maṭ'-ter, crit'-ic, debt, taught, to'-tal.*

Th, sharp, as in *thāne, thānk, thīnk, thōrn, trūth. The'-o-ry, thank'-ful, thought'-ful, think'-ing, a'-the-ist.*

Ch, as in *chāse, chāt, chārm, chālk, chāir, chēese, chēst, chīme, chīn, chōre, chōp, choose, churn. Church, hatch, march, satch'-el, touch'-ing.*

Sh, as in *shāde, shām, shārp, shāre, shēep, shēlf, shīne, shīn, shōal, shōt, shoot, shūn. Gush, rush, sure, o'-cean, ac'-tion, man'-sion, chev-a-liér', cham-paign'.*

Wh, as in *whāle, whāck, whārf, whēre, whēel, whēlp, whīne, whīff. Wheth'-er, whip'-ping, whis'-per, whi'-ten.*

#### EXERCISE V.—*Miscellaneous Subtonic and Atonic Combinations.*

1. *Brāve, brēathe, brēath; draw, drift; fled, flounce; glēn, glide; cleave, cleft; crime, crust.*

2. *Play, plead; pray, prove; quell, quill; shriek, shrink; screen, scrawl; smite, smote; speak, space.*

3. *Splice, splash, splunge; spring, spread; squib, squill, square; stream, straw; threw, throw, thrift; thwack, thwart; tweed, twine.*

4. *Barb, curb, bulb; urge, dirge; wolf, self; humph, triumph; punch, lunch; harsh, marsh; earl, purl; helm, film; prism, rhythm; vamp, clamp; delve, helve.*

5. *Act, tact; learnt, burnt; first, worst, thirst; most, lost; sent, lent; felt, pelt.*

6. *Ants, wants; stilts, wilts; facts, bracts; roasts, toasts; dense, fence; necks, decks; basks, tasks; cuff's, puff's; tenths, truths, depths; twelfths.*

7. *Black'n, slack'n, stol'n; rōb'd, prōb'd; long'd, oblig'd, urg'd; breath'd, sheath'd, wreath'd; o-pen'd; whelm'd; bronz'd; buzz'd.*

8. *Prob'dst, prov'dst, liv'dst, learn'dst, charm'dst, blabb'dst, dazzl'dst, call'st.*

### EXERCISE VI.

Faults in articulation to be avoided :

1. *The suppression of a sound; as,*

an	for and.	go-in	for go-ing.
moun	" mound.	mor-nin	" mor-ning.
des	" desk.	trav'l	" trav-el.
beas	" beasts.	ex-per	" ex-pert.

2. *The omission of a syllable; as,*

ev'ry	for ev-er-y.	trav'ler	for trav-el-er.
sep'rate	" sep-a-rate.	glor'us	" glo-ri-ous.
num'rous	" nu-mer-ous.	ob'slete	" ob-so-lete.
lib'ry	" li-bra-ry.	mem'ry	" mem-o-ry.

3. *The change of a vowel sound; as,*

bas-kit	for bas-ket.	up-prove	for ap-prove.
good-niss	" good-ness.	win-der	" win-dow.
hon-ust	" hon-est.	hun-durd	" hun-dred.
in-stunt	" in-stant.	sep-e-rate	" sep-a-rate.

4. *Miscellaneous.*

wen	for when.	i-dear	for i-de-a.
wat	" what.	cawd	" cord.
wich	" which.	neow	" now.
wam	" warm.	wa-tah	" wa-ter.

5. *The blending of syllables belonging to different words.*

The pure ein art, instead of The pure in heart.

Two small legs, " Two small eggs.

Ther ris sa calm, " There is a calm.

Some mice scream, " Some ice cream.

## II. ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force of voice given to one or more syllables of a word.

The accented syllable is often marked thus ' ; as in *wi'-  
nōw, com-mu'-ni-cate*.

Most words of three or more syllables have two syllables accented, as in *mul'-ti-pli-ca"-tion*. The more forcible stress of voice is called the *primary accent*, and the less forcible is called the *secondary accent*.

EMPHASIS is a forcible stress of voice upon some word or words in a sentence, on account of their significance and importance. Sometimes it merely gives *prolonged loudness* to a word, but generally the various inflections are connected with it. Thus it not only gives additional *force* to language, but the sense often depends upon it.

EXAMPLES.—I did not say he struck *me'*; I said he struck *John'*.

I did not say he *strück* me; I said he *pushed* me.

I did not say *hē* struck me; I said *Jōhn* did.

I did not *sāy* he struck me; but I *wrote* it.

I did not say he struck me; but *Jōhn* said he did.

He that can not *bear* a jest, should never *make'* one.

It is not so easy to *hide* one's faults as to *mend* them.

CASSIUS. I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS. You *have'* done that you *should* be sorry for.

Emphatic words are usually denoted by being printed in *italics*, as in the above examples; but when the emphasis is designed to be very marked, *CAPITALS* are sometimes used, thus: *To arms! To ARMS! TO ARMS!* he cried. *I repeat* it, sir; we must *FIGHT*.

## III. INFLECTIONS.

For a description of the *Inflections*, see the Second Reader, page vii.

**RULE I.**—Direct questions, or those that can be answered by yes or no, generally require the rising inflection, and their answers the falling.

EXAMPLES.—Do you think he will come to-day? No'; I think he will not'.—Was that Henry'? No'; it was John'.—Did you see William'? Yes', I did'.—Are you going to town to-day'? No', I shall go to-morrow'.

**RULE II.**—The pause of *suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished, such as a succession of particulars that are *not emphatic*, cases of direct address, sentences implying condition, the case absolute, etc., generally requires the rising inflection.

**EXAMPLES.**—John', James', and William', come here.—The great', the good', the honored', the noble', the wealthy', alike pass away.

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears.

Jesus saith unto him, Simon', son of Jonas', lovest thou me'?

Ye hills', and dales', ye rivers', woods', and plains',  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures', tell',  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus'; how here'?

**NOTE.**—For cases in which *emphatic* succession of particulars modifies this rule, see Rule VIII.

**RULE III.**—Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by yes or no, generally require the falling inflection, and their answers the same.

**EXAMPLES.**—When did you see him'? Yesterday'.—When will he come again'? Tomorrow'.

Who say the people that I am'? They answering, said, John the Baptist'; but some say 'Elias'; and others say that one of the old prophets' is risen again.

**RULE IV.**—A completion of the sense, whether at the close or any other part of the sentence, requires the falling inflection.

**EXAMPLES.**—He that saw me' saw you also'; and he who aided me once' will aid me again'.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth'. And the earth was without form, and void'; and darkness was on the face of the deep': and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters'.

**NOTE.**—But when strong emphasis, with the falling inflection, comes near the close of a sentence, the voice often takes the rising inflection at the close.

**EXAMPLES.**—If William does not come, I think John' will be here'.—If he *should* come, what' would you do'?

CASSIUS. What night is this?

CASCA. A very pleasing night to *honest*' men'.

Proceed', I am attentive'.

This is the course rather of our enemies, than of *friends*' of our country's liberty'. If the witness does not believe in God, or a future state, you can not swear' him'.

**RULE V.**—Words and clauses connected by the disjunctive *or*, generally require the rising inflection before the disjunctive, and the falling after it. Where several words are thus connected *in the same clause*, the rising inflection is given to all except the last.

**EXAMPLES.**—Will you go' or stay'? I will go'.—Will you go in the buggy', or the carriage', or the cars', or the coach'? I will go in the cars'.

He may study law', or medicine', or divinity'; or', he may enter into trade'.

The baptism of John, was it from heaven', or of men'?

Did he travel for health', or for pleasure'?

Did he resemble his father', or his mother'.

**NOTE I.**—When the disjunctive *or* is made emphatic, with the falling inflection, it is followed by the rising inflection, in accordance with the note to Rule IV.; as, “He *must* have traveled for health, *or*' pleasure'.”

**EXAMPLES.**—He must either *work*', or' *study*'.—He must be a *mechanic*, or' a *lawyer*'.—He must get his living in *one way*, or' the other'.

**NOTE II.**—When *or* is used *conjunctively*, as no contrast is denoted by it, it requires the *rising* inflection *after* as well as before it, except when the clause or sentence expresses a *completion* of the sense.

**EXAMPLES.**—Did he give you money', or food', or clothing'? No', he gave me nothing'.

**RULE VI.**—When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former takes the rising and the latter the falling inflection, in whatever order they occur. Comparison and contrast (antithesis) come under the same head.

**EXAMPLES.**—I did not *hear* him', I *saw* him'.—I said he was a good soldier', not' a good citizen'.—He will not come to-day', but to-morrow'.—He did not call me', but you'.—He means dutiful', not undutiful'.—I come to *bury* Cæsar', not to *praise* him'.

This is no time for a tribunal of justice', but for showing mercy'; not for accusation', but for philanthropy'; not for trial', but for pardon'; not for sentence and execution', but for compassion and kindness'.

*Comparison and Contrast.*—Homer was the greater genius', Virgil the better artist'; in the one we most admire the man', in the other the work'.—There were tyrants at home', and robbers abroad'.

By honor' and dishonor'; by evil report' and good report'; as deceivers', and yet true'; as unknown', and yet well known'; as dying', and behold we live'; as chastened', and not killed'; as sorrowful', yet always rejoicing'; as poor', yet making many rich'; as having nothing', yet possessing all things'.

When our vices leave us', we flatter ourselves we leave them'.

The prodigal robs his heir', the miser robs himself'.

**RULE VII.**—For the sake of variety and harmony, the last pause but one in a sentence is usually preceded by the rising inflection.

**EXAMPLES.**—The minor longs to be of age'; then to be a man of business'; then to arrive at honors'; then to retire'.

Time taxes our health', our limbs', our faculties', our strength', and our features'.

**RULE VIII.**—*1st. A Commencing Series.*

In an *emphatic series of particulars*, where the series begins the sentence, but does not either end it or form complete sense, every particular *except the last* should have the falling inflection.

EXAMPLE.—Our disordered hearts', our guilty passions', our violent prejudices', and misplaced desires', are the instruments of the trouble which we endure.

### 2d. A Concluding Series.

When the series ends the sentence, or forms complete sense, every particular in the series, *except the last but one*, should have the falling inflection; and, indeed, *all* should have it, if the closing member of the series is of sufficient length to admit a pause with the rising inflection, before the end.

EXAMPLE.—Charity suffereth long', and is kind'; charity envieth not'; charity vaunteth not itself'; is not puffed up'; doth not behave itself unseemly'; seeketh not her own'; is not easily provoked'; thinketh no evil'.

RULE IX.—Expressions of *tender* emotion, such as grief, pity, kindness, gentle joy, a gentle reproof, gentle appeal, gentle entreaty or expostulation, etc., commonly require a gentle *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.—Mary'! Mary'! do' not do so'.

My mother'! when I learned that thou wast dead',  
Say', wast thou conscious' of the tears' I shed'?  
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son',  
Wretch even then', life's journey just begun'?  
I would not live alway'; I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way';  
I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin';  
Temptation without, and corruption within';—

Is your father' well', the old man' of whom ye spake'? Is he' yet alive'?

RULE X.—Expressions of *strong* emotion, such as the language of exclamation (not designed as a question), authority, surprise, distress, denunciation, lamentation, earnest entreaty, command, reproach, terror, anger, hatred, envy, revenge, etc., and strong affirmation, require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.—What a piece of work is man'! How noble in reason'! how infinite in faculties'! in action', how like an angel'! in apprehension', how like a God'!

My lords, I am amazed'; yes, my lords, I am amazed' at his Grace's speech.

Woe unto you Pharisees'! Woe unto you Scribes'!

You blocks', you stones', you worse than senseless things'!

Go to the ant', thou sluggard'; consider her ways, and be wise'.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary'. She turned herself, and said unto him, Rabboni'.

I tell you, though you', though all the world', though an angel from heaven' should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.

I dare' accusation. I defy' the honorable gentleman.

I'd rather be a dog', and bay the moon', than such a Roman'.

CAS. O ye gods'! ye gods'! must I endure all this'?

BRU. All this? ay', and more'.

NOTE.—When exclamatory sentences become questions they require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.—*What* are you saying'!—*Where* are you going'!  
They planted by *your* care'! No'! your oppressions planted them in America'.

### THE CIRCUMFLEX OR WAVE.

RULE XI.—Hypothetical expressions, sarcasm, and irony, and sentences *implying* a comparison or contrast that is not fully expressed, often require a union of the two inflections on the same syllable.

EXPLANATION.—In addition to the rising and falling inflections, there is what is called the *circumflex* or *wave*, which is a union of the two on the same syllable. It is a significant twisting or waving of the voice, generally first downward and then upward, but sometimes the reverse, and is attended with a sensible *protraction* of sound on the syllable thus inflected. It is marked thus: (˘) as, “I may possibly go to-morrow, though I can not go to-day.” “I did it myself, sir. Surprising’! You did it!”

EXAMPLES.—If the *righteous* scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?

I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he.

And but for these vile gunns, he would himself have been a soldier'.

QUEEN. Hamlet', you have your father much offended.

HAMLET. Madam', you have my father much offended.

SHYLOCK. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my *revenge*e.

Hath a dog money'? Is it possible a cur can lend two thousand ducats'?

They tell us to be moderate; but they, they are to revel in profusion.

You pretend to reason'? You don't so much as know the first elements of reasoning.

NOTE.—A nice distinction in sense sometimes depends upon the right use of the inflections.

EXAMPLES.—“I did not give a sixpence’.”

“I did not give a sixpence’!.”

The circumflex on *sixpence* implies that I gave more or less than that sum; but the falling inflection on the same word implies that I gave nothing at all.

“Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear Whitefield preach” (here the circumflex implies the contrast), “but he would take no pains to hear an ordinary preacher.”

“A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a drunkard’, is in danger of losing his health and character.”

The rising inflection on the closing syllable of *drunkard* would pervert the meaning wholly, and assert that, in order to preserve health and character, one must become a drunkard.

“The dog would have died if they had not cut off his head.”

The falling inflection on *died* would make the cutting off his head necessary to saving his life.

A physician says of a patient, "He is bëtter." This implies a positive amendment. But if he says, "He is bëtter," it denotes only a partial and perhaps doubtful amendment, and implies, "But he is still dangerously sick."

#### THE MONOTONE.

**RULE XII.**—The *monotone*, which is a succession of words on the same key or pitch, and is not properly an inflection, is often employed in passages of solemn denunciation, sublime description, or expressing deep reverence and awe. It is marked with the short horizontal dash over the accented vowel.  It must not be mistaken for the *long sound* of the vowels, as given in the Pronouncing Key.

**EXAMPLES.**—And one cried unto another, and said, Höly, höly, höly is the Lôrd of hôsts. The whôle eârth is full of his glöry.

Blëssing, hõnor, glöry, and pôwer be unto him that sitteth on the thrône, and to the Lâmb forâver and ēver.

In thoughts from the viñsons of the night, when dêep slëep fâlleth on mën, feâr câme upôn me, and trëmbling which mâde all my bönes to shâke. Thêñ a spîrit pâssed bëfore my face; the häir of my flësh stôod ûp. It stoôd still, but I cõuld not discêrn the fôrm thereôf: an imâge was before my eÿes, there was sîlence, and I heârd a vöice, saying, Shâll mörtal mân be möre jüst than Gôd? Shâll a mân be möre pûre than his Mâker?

#### IV. PRINCIPLES OF GENERAL APPLICATION.

The first and most important is, "Be sure you understand what you read, and endeavor to express the sentiments of the author as you would express the same if they were *your own*, and you were *talking*." No one can read well who does not fully adhere to this principle.

In the second place, those who would excel in reading should cultivate every manly and noble virtue; for no one can fully express noble sentiments unless he *feels* them. Counterfeit imitations will be detected. In the language of Dr. Blair: "A true orator" (and, we may add, a correct and effective *reader*) "should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned toward the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally forced to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should at the same time possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and make their case his own."

# WILLSON'S INTERMEDIATE SERIES.

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## THIRD READER.

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### LESSON I. WHAT PICTURES TEACH.



[NOTE.—The small superior *figures* throughout this book refer to the Elocutionary RULES, of which the sentences thus marked are illustrations. See preceding pages. The small superior *letters* refer to the *definitions* at the end of the lesson.]

1. Is not this a beautiful picture'?' What a fine, round, healthy, and noble face this child has'!' How bright are his eyes'!' His hair is soft and

curling. How round and full his arms are'<sup>!10</sup> They are almost as white as the driven<sup>a</sup> snow'.

2. Surely, this boy is the very picture of health and childish beauty. His frank<sup>b</sup> and honest face tells us that he is happy. How much we can read in that face'<sup>!10</sup> He must have kind parents, who love him dearly.

3. And the young man—the stranger, who so kindly takes the hand of this child—has not he a fine face too'<sup>?1</sup> He speaks gently to the child. You can see that in his very face. We can almost fancy<sup>c</sup> that we hear him speak words of kindness.<sup>d</sup> He has not an angry look. His face shows that he is a good young man.

4. And what season of the year do you suppose it is'<sup>?2</sup> Is it summer', or is it winter'<sup>?5</sup> How can you tell'<sup>?3</sup> Do you think the white in the picture is snow'<sup>?1</sup> Does it look cold and cheerless<sup>e</sup> there'<sup>?1</sup>

5. If it were snow, would the boy be barefoot'<sup>?1</sup> Would his arms be bare'<sup>?1</sup> Would he be without a hat or a cap on his head'<sup>?1</sup> Would there be grass, and leaves, and flowers around him, if it were winter'<sup>?1</sup> Would he look so cheerful and happy, if he were standing barefoot in the snow'<sup>?1</sup>

6. Have you ever heard the cold called *pinching* cold'<sup>?1</sup> Why do we say it is *pinching* cold'<sup>?2</sup> Because severe cold seems to *pinch* up the face, and the hands, and all the parts that are exposed<sup>f</sup> to the chilly<sup>g</sup> air. Does this boy look as though he were *pinched* with cold'<sup>?1</sup> Does not his open, cheerful, sunny face show that it is summer-time'<sup>?1</sup>

7. How plainly good pictures speak to us!<sup>10</sup>  
 How much they show!<sup>10</sup> How much they may teach us, if we will study them well!<sup>10</sup> They tell a whole story at once; and they tell it in such a manner that it always interests us. They tell the story so that we can *see* it, as well as read it; and what we *see* we do not easily forget.

8. Children, study the pictures in this book, and they will teach you many a useful lesson. Ask yourselves as many questions about them as you can, and see how many of them you can answer.

<sup>a</sup> DRIV'-EN, driven by the wind; drifted.  
<sup>b</sup> FRANK, open; candid; undisguised.  
<sup>c</sup> FAN'-CY, imagine; believe.  
<sup>d</sup> KIND'-NESS, good-will; affection.

<sup>e</sup> CHEER'-LESS, dreary; gloomy.  
<sup>f</sup> EX-POSED', laid open, or bare; unprotected.  
<sup>g</sup> CHILL'-Y, somewhat cold.

[LESSON I. is designed to show what may be learned from pictures: how much they may *suggest* to us, etc. Children should be taught to observe closely. The teacher should ask the pupils numerous questions about the pictures, as shown in the foregoing lesson.]

## LESSON II.

### ACTING A LIE.

1. "Alfred,"<sup>2</sup> how could you tell mother that wrong story?<sup>?"</sup> said Lucy to her brother. "You know you *did* eat one of the apples that were in the fruit-dish; yet you told mother you did *not*."

2. "Now, Lucy,"<sup>2,9</sup> I did not tell any falsehood about it at all! You know mother asked me if I *took* one of the apples from the dish, and I said No'. And that was true'; for the apple rolled off from the top of the dish when I hit the table, and I picked it up from the floor. Mother did not ask me if I *ate* one',<sup>9</sup> but if I took one from the dish!"

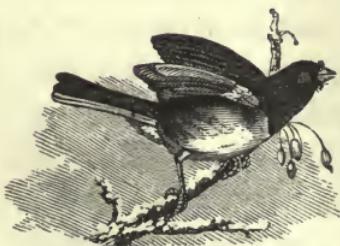
3. "But you know<sup>1</sup>, Alfred<sup>2</sup>, what mother meant<sup>3</sup>; and you know you *deceived*<sup>4</sup> her; and you *meant*<sup>5</sup> to deceive her. And that is *acting* a falsehood, which is just as bad as *telling* a falsehood. If mother had asked you if you had *eaten* the apple, and you had shaken your head, would not that have been telling a falsehood<sup>6</sup>? Certainly it would."

4. And Lucy was right. God knows *what we mean'*,<sup>7</sup> as well as *what we say'*. Do you not think an *acted* lie is as wicked in his sight as a spoken lie<sup>8</sup>? And do you not think that Alfred's conscience troubled him<sup>9</sup>? You should never act *one thing'*,<sup>10</sup> and mean *another'*.

[LESSON II. illustrates the dishonest character of Alfred, and the truthfulness of his sister. It shows how Alfred told a falsehood—one of the *white lies* which some children think excusable, and how his sister reproved him for it. What *is* a falsehood. How a falsehood may be *acted* as well as spoken. Suggest other examples.]

### LESSON III.

#### THE SPARROW.



The Snow-bird.



The Song-sparrow.

1. Who form'd the little sparrow,<sup>a</sup>  
And gave him wings to fly<sup>b</sup>?<sup>3</sup>  
Who shields<sup>b</sup> him from the arrow,  
When flying in the sky<sup>c</sup>?<sup>3</sup>

Our Father, God, who reigns in heaven,  
By whom are all our blessings given.

2. And who so gently leads him  
    Far from the fowler's snare?<sup>23</sup>  
And who so kindly feeds him,  
    And shows such tender care?<sup>23</sup>  
Our Father, God, who stoops to show  
His grace<sup>c</sup> to creatures here below.
3. And who a dress provides him,  
    So beautiful and warm?<sup>23</sup>  
Who in the shelter hides him,  
    Amid the raging storm?<sup>23</sup>  
Our Father, God, extends his care  
Through heaven and earth, and sea, and air.
4. Does God full many a favor  
    To little sparrows give?<sup>21</sup>  
And shall we not endeavor<sup>d</sup>  
    By faith in him to live?<sup>21</sup>  
Our Father, God, who reigns above,  
Is worthy of our highest love.

<sup>a</sup> SPÄL'-RÖW, a small bird.

<sup>b</sup> SHIELDS, protects; defends from danger. | <sup>c</sup> GRÄCE, favor; goodness.

<sup>d</sup> EN-DÉAV'-OR, strive: try.

[LESSON III. shows God's care over even so small a creature as a sparrow. Why are wings given to the little birds? To enable them to avoid danger, to feed upon insects flying in the air, to feed upon the seeds of plants, etc. What kind of a dress birds are provided with. Its adaptation to their wants. *Why God is worthy of our highest love, etc.*]

#### LESSON IV. A KISS FOR A BLOW.

1. One day the Rev. Mr. Adams went into an infant-school in Boston. He had been there before, and had told the children they might ask him any question that they pleased, whenever he came to see them.

2. "Please to tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by *overcoming<sup>a</sup> evil with good<sup>b</sup>*?" The minister began to explain it, when a little incident<sup>c</sup> occurred, which gave him the best explanation he could wish.

3. A boy about seven years of age was sitting beside his little sister, who was only six years old. As the minister was talking, George, for that was the boy's name, got angry with his sister about something, doubled up his fist, and struck her on the head.

4. The little girl was just going to strike him back again, when the teacher, seeing it, said, "My dear Mary, can't you kiss your brother? See how angry and unhappy he looks!"

5. Mary looked at her brother. He looked sullen and wretched. Her resentment<sup>d</sup> was soon gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart. She threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

6. The poor boy was wholly unprepared for so kind a return for his blow. He could not resist the gentle affection of his sister. He was wholly overcome, and he burst into tears, sobbing violently.

7. His gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much." But he only wept the more. No wonder: it was enough to make any body weep.

8. But why did George weep? Poor little fel-

low'! Would he have wept if his sister had struck him in return'? Not he. But by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more deeply than if she had beaten him black and blue.

9. Here was a *kiss for a blow*—love for anger; and all the school saw at once what was meant by "*overcoming evil with good*."

<sup>a</sup> O-VER-CÓM'-ING, conquering; gaining the mastery over.

<sup>b</sup> IN'-CI-DENT, event; occurrence.

<sup>c</sup> Oo-CUR'RED, happened; took place.

<sup>d</sup> Re-SENT'-MENT, anger from being wronged.

[LESSON IV. very happily illustrates, in the incident of "a kiss for a blow," the principle of *overcoming evil with good*. The teacher can probably give other examples illustrating the same principle. It was one of the precepts of the Savior, "If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also."]

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## LESSON V.

### THE YOUNG GALLEY-SLAVE.

1. A young man was recently condemned, for some offense, to serve<sup>a</sup> at the galleys in one of the sea-ports of France. Such persons are called *galley-slaves*, and their punishment is to serve as oarsmen on board<sup>b</sup> of a galley, or large government boat.

2. The young man here referred to seized the first opportunity, which occurred at night, to run away. Being strong and vigorous, he soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit.

3. Arriving the next morning before a peasant's cottage in an open field, he stopped to beg something to eat, and find a refuge<sup>c</sup> while he reposed<sup>d</sup> a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat

trembling in a corner—their mother was weeping, and the father was walking the floor in agony.

4. The young galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

5. "You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and little children will soon be without food and shelter, and I am without the means to provide any for them." As the convict listened to this tale, the tears started in his eyes.

6. "I will give you the means to provide for your family," he then said. "I have but just escaped from the galleys; and whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner will receive a reward<sup>s</sup> of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

7. "Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city: they will recognize<sup>h</sup> me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

8. "No, never!"<sup>10</sup> exclaimed the astonished listener. My children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing!"

9. But the generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After much hesitation the latter yielded, and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city, and to the mayor's office.

10. Every body was surprised that a little man,

like the peasant, had been able to capture such a strong young fellow: but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner was sent back to the galleys.

11. After he had gone, the peasant asked to see the mayor in private, and told him the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs to the peasant's purse, but wrote to the Minister of Justice, begging the young prisoner's release.

12. The minister examined into the affair, and, finding that the young man had been condemned to the galleys for a small offense, and that he had already served out half of his time, ordered his release.

13. Was not this a noble deed of self-denial and charity on the part of the young man?<sup>1</sup> And it not only benefited<sup>1</sup> others',<sup>2</sup> but it benefited *himself'* also. Can you explain how it benefited himself'?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>a</sup> SÉRVE, work; labor.

<sup>b</sup> BÖARD, deck of a ship.

<sup>c</sup> REF'-UGE, shelter from danger.

<sup>d</sup> RE-POSED, rested; slept.

<sup>e</sup> AG'-O-NY, great distress.

<sup>f</sup> CON'-VICT, a person found guilty of a crime.

<sup>g</sup> RE-WARD', pay for services.

<sup>h</sup> RE-COG-NIZE, know; recollect.

<sup>i</sup> BEN'-E-FIT-ED, did good to; profited.

[LESSON V. is a lesson on character. It shows the great generosity and noble-heartedness of the young galley-slave, when he knew that his kindness to another would consign him again to a prison. How his conduct was rewarded. How were the mayor and minister benefited? Who was *most* benefited? (The galley-slave.) Why? How are *you* benefited by reading this story?]

A kindness is never lost.

To be happy, you must be good.

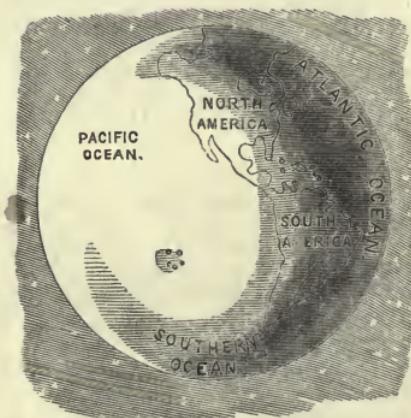
Do what you ought, come what may.

Merit will surely meet with a reward.

## LESSON VI.

## NIGHT AND DAY.

1. The world is round, and, like a ball,  
Seems swinging in the air;  
A sky extends<sup>a</sup> around it all,  
And stars are shining there.
2. Water and land upon the face  
Of this round world we see;  
The land is man's safe dwelling-place,  
But ships sail on the sea.



3. As the light of the sun makes the day, when the sun sets it is evening, which is soon followed by the darkness of night.
4. But when it is night here, is it night in all parts of the world?<sup>b</sup> No: it is then day in some places; and when *we* see the sun setting, others, in a distant<sup>b</sup> part of the world, see it rising. Our evening is their morning, and our midnight is their noonday.

5. Would you know the cause<sup>c</sup> of these changes?<sup>d</sup> The earth is a large globe or ball'; and it turns over, from west to east, once in every twenty-four hours', at one time carrying us toward the sun', and at another time carrying us away from it.

6. When we are carried toward the sun', it is the early part of the day to us'; and when we are

carried away from it', the sun seems to go down—down—until it sets in the west, and at length night comes upon us. The sun *seems* to us to go round the earth; but it does not.

7. While we are on the side of the earth toward the sun, there are other people who are on the opposite side of the earth, where it is night; and when we see the sun rising in *our* east', others see it setting in *their* west'.

8. The sun, to us, is setting now';<sup>4</sup>

Behold him in the west';<sup>4</sup>

And soon the busy people here

In sleep will take their rest.

9. In other countries, far away',<sup>2</sup>

The day begins to break';<sup>4 d</sup>

And while *we* sleep',<sup>2</sup> the people *there*

Will from their slumbers wake.

10. But when the sun comes round again,

And lights the eastern skies',<sup>2</sup>

The evening will begin with *them'*,<sup>4</sup>

And *we* from sleep will rise.

<sup>a</sup> EX-TENDS', stretches out; reaches.  
<sup>b</sup> DIS'-TANT, remote; far away.

<sup>c</sup> CAUSE, that which produces.  
<sup>d</sup> TO BREAK, to dawn.

[LESSON VI. explains, in a familiar way, some of the first principles in Geography. The earth is a globe or ball, divided into land and water, and surrounded by the air, sky, and stars. What causes day and night, morning and evening, etc.]

### GOD IS SEEN IN EVERY THING.

In the sun, the moon, and sky,  
On the mountains wild and high,  
In the thunder, in the rain,  
In the grove, the wood, the plain,  
In the little birds which sing—  
God is seen in every thing.

## LESSON VII.

### THE SNOW-STORM.

1. How cold the blast!<sup>10</sup> The snow falls fast,  
And yet I hope 'twill stay:  
The wind doth blow the falling snow,  
In meadows far away.
2. Jack Frost is near, we feel him here,  
He's on his icy sled;  
And covered deep, the flowers sleep  
Beneath their snowy bed.
3. Come out and play, this winter day,  
Amid the falling snow;  
Come young and old, nor fear the cold,  
Nor howling winds that blow.

[LESSON VII. is a description of a snow-storm. The cold of winter.  
Invitation to come out and play.]

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## LESSON VIII.

### A KING REPROVED.

1. A king, riding along in disguise,<sup>a</sup> and seeing a soldier at the door of a public house, stopped and asked the soldier to drink with him. While they were talking, the king swore.

The soldier said, "Sir, I am sorry to hear a gentleman swear."

His majesty<sup>b</sup> took no notice of the remark, and soon swore again.

2. The soldier then said, "Sir, I will pay my part, if you please, and go; for I dislike<sup>c</sup> swearing. If you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?"<sup>1</sup> said the king.

"I should," said the soldier.

3. His majesty said no more, but left him. A while after, the king having invited some of his lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for; and, when they were at dinner, the soldier was ordered into the room to wait awhile. Presently the king uttered<sup>d</sup> an oath. The soldier immediately, but with great modesty, said,

"Should not my lord, the king, fear an oath?"<sup>1</sup>

4. The king, looking first at the lords, and then at the soldier, said :

"There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit by, and let me take God's name in vain, and not so much as tell me of it."

5. Children, remember the commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

<sup>a</sup> DIS'-GUISE', false appearance.

<sup>b</sup> MÄ'-JES-TY, title of a monarch.

<sup>c</sup> DIS-LIKE', hate; disapprove.

<sup>d</sup> UT'-TERED, pronounced; expressed in language.

[LESSON VIII. This is another lesson on character. A king is reproved for profane swearing. The honesty and moral courage of the soldier are in marked contrast with the servile conduct of the lords, who do not appear to have shown, in any manner, their disapproval of profanity.]

## LESSON IX.

### TRUE DUNCAN.

1. There was a little boy in our school named Duncan. All called him *True Duncan*, because he never would tell a lie.

2. One day he was playing with an ax in the yard of the school, and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's little kitten came along.

3. Duncan accidentally<sup>a</sup> let the ax fall on the kitten's head, and killed her.

4. What to do, Duncan did not know. The kitten was a pet<sup>b</sup> of the master, and used to sit on a cushion at his side while he was hearing the lessons.

5. Duncan stood and looked at the dead creature. His face grew very red, and the tears filled his eyes.

6. All the boys came running up, and every one had something to say. One of them whispered to the others, and said,

7. "Now, boys, we shall see if Duncan can tell a fib as well as the rest of us."

8. "Not he'!" said little Thomas Wilson, who was Duncan's friend. "Not he'! I'll warrant you. Duncan will be as true as gold."

9. John Jones stepped up, and, taking the kitten by the tail, said, "Here, boys, I'll just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr. Cole that the butcher's dog killed her. You know he caught her and hurt her last week."

10. Several of them thought this would do very well; but Duncan looked quite angry. His face swelled, and his cheeks grew redder than before.

11. "No'!" said he, "no'! Do you think I would *lie* for such a creature as that'? It would be a *lie*, a LIE, a LIE!" And every time he said the word, his voice grew louder and louder.

12. Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms, and carried it into the school-room ; and the boys followed to see what would happen.

13. The master looked up, and said, "What is this' ? My faithful kitten dead' ! Who could have done' this' ?"

14. All were silent for a little while. As soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said, "Mr. Cole, I am very sorry, but here is the truth. I will not tell a lie, sir. I killed the kitten. But I am very sorry for it. It was an accident ; but I ought to have been more careful. I am very sorry, indeed, sir."

15. The boys expected<sup>c</sup> that Mr. Cole would take down his long ratan. But he put on a pleasant smile, and said,

16. "Duncan, you are a brave boy ! I saw and heard all that passed,<sup>d</sup> from my window above. I would rather lose a hundred kittens, than miss such an example of truth and honor in my school.

17. "Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience ; but I beg you to accept this handsome penknife as a token<sup>e</sup> of my approbation."<sup>f</sup>

18. Duncan took out his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes. The boys could no longer restrain themselves ; and when Thomas Wilson cried, "Three cheers for True Duncan," all joined in a hearty hurrah.

19. The teacher then said, "My boys, I am glad you know what is right, and that you approve of it ; though I am afraid some of you would not have done as Duncan did.

20. "Learn, from this time, that nothing can make a falsehood necessary. Suppose Duncan had taken your evil advice, and had come to me with a lie: it would have been instantly detected,<sup>g</sup> for I was a witness of what passed.

21. "I trust Duncan has been governed<sup>h</sup> in this by a sense of right, and I exhort<sup>i</sup> you all to follow<sup>j</sup> his example. He is a brave boy who at all times dares to do right. A *lie* is always cowardly."

- |   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| • AC-CI-DENT'-AL-LY, without design; by chance. | e TO'-KEN, mark; evidence; sign.    |
| • PET, any little animal fondled and indulged.  | f AP-PRO-BA'-TION, approval.        |
| • EX-PECT'-ED, thought; believed.               | g DE-TECT'-ED, discovered; exposed. |
| • PASSED, occurred; took place.                 | h GOV'-ERNED, influenced.           |
|   | i EX-HORT', urge; earnestly advise. |
|   | j FOL'-LOW, imitate.                |

[LESSON IX. This is a lesson on character. The story of "True Duncan" is an illustration of truthfulness and honor on the part of a little boy, who was urged by his companions to tell a falsehood to shield himself from anticipated punishment. Why is a lie always *cowardly*?]

## LESSON X. RIDING AGAINST THE WIND.



1. Can you tell me what this is a picture of?<sup>1</sup> Why does the man ride in that manner?<sup>2</sup> Why

does he lean<sup>a</sup> forward so<sup>'?</sup>? Why is his hat drawn down over his face<sup>'?</sup>? Can he see as well when his hat is over his eyes<sup>'?</sup>?

2. You can see that it is a windy day. Can you tell which way the wind blows<sup>'?</sup>! How can you tell<sup>'?</sup>? Do you see how the wind blows the hair of the horse's tail<sup>'?</sup>! The wind blows strong in the man's face. Perhaps it rains, also. Perhaps it is very cold.

3. Do you see how the man braces<sup>b</sup> himself against the wind<sup>'?</sup>! If he should sit up straight, could he ride just as well<sup>'?</sup>? If he should not pull his hat over his face, what do you think would become of his hat<sup>'?</sup>?

4. The man's hat keeps the wind and the rain out of his face. Now the hat will not be blown away. Now the man sits easy on the horse. He will not fall.

5. But why are the horse's ears turned back<sup>'?</sup>? Because, if they were not turned back, the wind would *blow* into them, and the rain would *beat* into them, and that would not be pleasant. The horse knows what to do with his ears, to keep the wind and the rain out of them.

6. If the wind blew against the back of the man, would he sit in that manner<sup>'?</sup>! How would he sit<sup>'?</sup>? How would he put his hat on<sup>'?</sup>? How would the horse turn his ears<sup>'?</sup>? Would the hairs of the horse's tail look as they do now<sup>'?</sup>!

7. What a change would be made in the picture, if the wind should change<sup>'!</sup><sup>10</sup>! The man, the horse, and the clouds would all be changed<sup>'</sup>. If the wind

should blow against the man's back, can you tell *how* the picture would be changed? Very much depends, in this world, upon *which way the wind blows.*

<sup>a</sup> LĒAN, bend; incline.

<sup>b</sup> BRA'-CES, supports, by leaning forward.

[LESSON X. is another illustration of how much may be told by a very simple picture. It furnishes good examples of *object* teaching. Let the teacher ask the pupil additional questions about the picture. An important *moral* is suggested at the close of the lesson. Many people go *just as the wind blows*—that is, they move along with the current of public opinion.]

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## LESSON XI.

### THE CREATION.

1. 'Twas God who made this world so fair,  
The shining sun, the sky, the air;  
'Twas God who made the sea, the ground,  
And all the things we see around.
2. When He began this world to make,  
These are the mighty words he spake:  
"Let there be light!"<sup>10</sup> His voice was heard,  
And then the light of day appeared.
3. The angels saw the light arise,  
And with their praises filled the skies:  
"How great our God! How wise! How strong!"<sup>10</sup>  
Such is their never-ending song.

[LESSON XI. is a simple hymn, descriptive of the Creation. See Genesis, i., 3.]

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## LESSON XII.

### GOD HAS COUNTED ALL.

1. Knowest thou how many stars  
There are shining in the sky?<sup>1</sup>  
Knowest thou how many clouds  
Every day go floating by?<sup>1</sup>

God, the Lord, has counted all ;  
He would miss one, should it fall.

2. Knowest thou how many flies  
There are sporting in the sun'?<sup>1</sup>  
How many fishes in the water'?<sup>1</sup>  
God has counted every one.  
Every one he called by name  
When into the world it came.
3. Knowest thou how many children  
Close their eyes in sleep at night,  
And without a care or trouble  
Wake up with the morning light?<sup>1</sup>  
God in heaven each name can tell;  
Knows *thee* too', and loves thee well.

[LESSON XII. illustrates God's *omniscience*, or knowledge of all things. We are told in the Bible that even "the hairs of our heads" are all numbered by him; and that "a sparrow can not fall to the ground without his notice."]

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### LESSON XIII.

#### A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN.

1. "A bargain is a bargain'," said John Smith, who had just bought a knife of Willie Reed, and given him a kite for it. But Willie soon found that the kite was broken', and wished to trade back again'. "I shall not do it'," said John. "You did not *ask* me if the kite was broken'; and do you think I would be so foolish as to *tell* you of it'?" No'<sup>10</sup> A bargain is a bargain."

2. Yes, so it was a bargain', but a very unfair<sup>a</sup> one. John *deceived*<sup>b</sup> Willie'; and if he did not *tell* a falsehood', he *acted*' one'. Don't you think the knife he got in that way will be apt to cut his fingers'?

3. As George Davis and Charley Brown were on their way to school one day, Charley took out of his basket a nice large cake which his mother had given him for his dinner. George offered him a large red apple for it. "Is it a good apple?"<sup>1</sup> asked Charley. "Do you think I would take a poor apple to school for my dinner?"<sup>1</sup> asked George. "I tell you it is a real juicy apple<sup>1</sup>, for I know the tree on which it grew!" So Charley let him have his cake for the apple.

4. At noon, when Charley tasted his apple, he found it was so sour that he could not eat it, and he wished to trade back again. "No," said George, "I don't trade back. A bargain is a bargain."

5. So it *was* a bargain<sup>1</sup>, George Davis<sup>2</sup>. But what *kind* of a bargain was it?<sup>3</sup> You *cheated* Charley<sup>1</sup>, and you *knew* it<sup>1</sup>, and you *meant* to do it<sup>1</sup>. You are not an *honest* boy<sup>1</sup>, and it was not a *fair* trade<sup>1</sup>. I should not wonder if the cake should *choke* you when you eat it.

6. Mr. Jones went out to buy a horse. He found one that he liked, and that the owner wished to sell<sup>1</sup>; but he determined to purchase him, if possible, for less than he was worth. The owner asked a hundred dollars for him.

7. "What is the *age* of your horse?"<sup>3</sup> "Eight years old, I believe," said the man. "That is what the person from whom I bought him told me." "Eight years old?" Why<sup>1</sup>, he is certainly more than *twelve*<sup>1</sup>. See how his teeth are worn down."

8. The owner could not be positive<sup>6</sup> as to his age. "And besides," said Mr. Jones, "he seems

a little stiff in the joints'. He carries his head badly', and is too hard upon the bit', and I don't like the color'. If he were a bright bay', I would give much more' for him. I am willing to pay all he is worth', but I can not think of offering you more than seventy-five dollars'."

9. Thus he cheapens<sup>d</sup> the animal as much below his real worth as he can. The owner can not afford to keep the horse. He is in want of money, and must take what he can get. So Mr. Jones buys the horse for seventy-five dollars; but when he has taken the horse home', he boasts what a good bargain he has made'.

10. A man very much like Mr. Jones is described in the Book of Proverbs, the twentieth chapter, and fourteenth verse: "It is naught,<sup>e</sup> it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way', then he boasteth'."

11. "I would not sell that horse for one hundred and fifty dollars," says Mr. Jones. "He is of the right age, and just what I want. I am suited<sup>f</sup> with him in *every* respect."

12. "But how *cheap* you bought him', Mr. Jones'. Did not you cheat the man'?"

"Cheat him'!<sup>g</sup> Oh no'! A bargain is a bargain. Every one must look out for himself', you know."

13. But, Mr. Jones, were you honest when you told the owner that the horse was certainly twelve years old'<sup>h</sup>? Did not you like the color of the horse'<sup>i</sup>? Were you willing to pay all he was worth to you'<sup>j</sup>? Ah, Mr. Jones', I am afraid that will be a hard-backed horse for you to ride'.

14. And then, again, he is so stiff in the joints that he may stumble, and throw you. Or, what is still worse', he is so hard upon the bit that he may run away' with you. Are you not sorry that you bought so bad a horse', Mr. Jones'?

<sup>a</sup> UN-FAIR', not honest; not just.  
<sup>b</sup> DE-CEIV'ED, misled; cheated.  
<sup>c</sup> POS'-I-TIVE, certain.

<sup>10</sup> See Note to RULE X.

<sup>d</sup> CHEAP'-ENS, lessens the value.  
<sup>e</sup> NAUGHT, nothing; worth nothing.  
<sup>f</sup> SUIT'-ED, pleased.

<sup>2</sup> RULE II., direct address.

[LESSON XIII. Another lesson on character. There are two examples of *cheating*, on the part of John Smith and George Davis; and a case of more open falsehood, but not less dishonesty, on the part of Mr. Jones. Did these persons act *fairly* in making bargains? Did they act *honestly*? Did they obey the Golden Rule?]

## LESSON XIV.

### THE THUNDER-STORM.

1. Look'!<sup>10</sup> the black cloud rises high;  
Now it spreads<sup>a</sup> along the sky:  
See'<sup>10</sup> the quivering<sup>b</sup> lightnings fly:  
Hark'<sup>10</sup> the thunders roar.
2. Yet I will not shrink<sup>c</sup> with fear  
When the thunder-clap<sup>d</sup> I hear;  
Soon the rainbow will appear,  
Soon the storm be o'er.
3. When the black cloud rises high',  
When it spreads along the sky',  
When the forked lightnings fly',  
And the thunders roar',<sup>2</sup>
4. Never will I feel alarm;  
God can shield<sup>e</sup> me from all harm:  
In the sunshine and the storm,  
Him will I adore.

<sup>a</sup> SPREADS, extends.

<sup>b</sup> QUIV'-ER-ING, moving with a tremulous motion.

<sup>c</sup> SHRINK, draw back.

<sup>d</sup> THUN'-DER-CLAP, burst of thunder.

<sup>e</sup> SHIELD, protect; defend.

[LESSON XIV. is a brief description of one of the most sublime scenes in nature. Yet He who causes the thunder and the lightning can shield us from all harm. What is the first notice we have of a rainbow? Why does God cause the rainbow to appear in the heavens after such a storm?]

## LESSON XV.\*

## THE LAUGHING, HAPPY MAN.



1. What a laughing face<sup>!10</sup>  
How round and plump the  
cheeks are<sup>!10</sup> What a merry  
eye<sup>!10</sup> How large and round  
the head is<sup>!10</sup> What a wide  
mouth', and what a broad  
grin<sup>!10</sup> And the teeth, how  
*white*' they are<sup>!10</sup>. And the  
hair, how long and *curly*' it  
is<sup>!10</sup>

2. Is the man merry'<sup>?1</sup> Is he very much  
pleased'<sup>?1</sup> Does he look like a happy man'<sup>?1</sup> Is  
he laughing aloud'<sup>?1</sup> Is his hair black', as well as  
curly'<sup>?1</sup> Has he heard something funny'<sup>?1</sup> Has  
he seen something pretty'<sup>?1</sup> Do you think he is  
an *old* man'<sup>?1</sup>

3. Why do you think he is merry<sup>?3</sup> What do  
you see in his eye<sup>?3</sup> Why does he look happy<sup>?3</sup>  
What do you think it is that *pleases* him<sup>?3</sup> How  
do you know that his hair is black<sup>?3</sup> Who said  
that he had heard something witty<sup>?3</sup> How do  
you know that he is not an *old* man<sup>?3</sup>

4. Are his eyes black', or are they gray<sup>?5</sup> Are  
they large', or are they small<sup>?5</sup> Is he an *old* man',  
or a *young*' man<sup>?5</sup> Who can answer so many ques-

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\* [LESSONS XV. and XVI. embrace a great variety of the different examples of inflections, as eight of the eleven rules for inflections are here illustrated. Yet it is not expected that the pupils will be required to *explain* these inflections by references to the rules. It will be sufficient if they read the sentences correctly, by the aid of the marks given.]

tions'?' Can you'?' Will you try', or will you not'?'

5. We do not *hear* the man laugh', we *see* him laugh'. We do not say he is a *wise* man', we say he is a *happy* man'. We think he is a *good* man', not a *bad* man'. Happy men are not often wicked men.

6. A good man is cheerful'; he is happy'; he does all the good he can'; he is a good neighbor', and a true friend'. He has the respect of all who know him.

7. When a man laughs heartily', the corners of his mouth are drawn up'; as you see them in the picture'; the cheeks are pushed up', and wrinkled'; and the eyes are nearly closed'. Is it the same in sorrow and sadness', and in anger'? No'. Look at the next picture, and you will see the difference.

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## LESSON XVI.

### THE ANGRY, UNHAPPY MAN.



1. Do you see this strange man'? Has he a pleasant face'? Does he seem to be happy'? Has he a laughing, merry eye'? Do you think he is a kind-hearted and good man'? What'? Are you afraid of him'? Are you afraid to go near him'?

2. I do not wonder that you do not like to go near

him. Who loves to look at an *angry* man?<sup>3</sup> Not I. It is not pleasant to *see* a man angry<sup>4</sup>, for his whole face shows that he is in pain. The angry man is not happy. He is wretched, and it makes one unhappy to look at him.

3. See his eyes<sup>10</sup>! How fierce<sup>5</sup> they are!<sup>10</sup> They are bloodshot with passion<sup>6</sup><sup>a</sup><sup>10</sup>. And his forehead—do you see how it is wrinkled, and raised up in rigid<sup>b</sup> furrows<sup>7</sup>? And his nostrils—how wide open they are<sup>8</sup>! His lips—how swollen<sup>9</sup> they are!<sup>10</sup> Yes, swollen with rage<sup>10</sup>. And his teeth—see how he gnashes<sup>10</sup> them!<sup>10</sup> He is so angry that he can not speak.

4. You can not see his hands<sup>10</sup>: but they are clenched,<sup>c</sup> as if he were about to strike<sup>10</sup> some one. He can not easily control<sup>d</sup> himself. He is burning with anger<sup>10</sup>! He is bursting with rage<sup>10</sup>! He has no reason left<sup>10</sup>! He is like a madman<sup>10</sup>!

5. How much this man's face tells of the feelings of his heart<sup>10</sup>! We can read it all there. He can not conceal his heart from us. And what a bad heart he must have<sup>10</sup>! So full of anger<sup>10</sup>, of rage<sup>10</sup>, of revenge<sup>10</sup>! Unhappy man<sup>10</sup>!

<sup>a</sup> PAS'-SION, anger; rage.

<sup>b</sup> RIĞ'-ID, stiff.

<sup>c</sup> CLENCH'ED, firmly closed.

<sup>d</sup> CON-TRÔL', govern; restrain.

[LESSONS XV. and XVI. Here two very different characters are *pictured*, as well as described in words. The marked contrast shown between the looks of the laughing, happy man, and the angry, unhappy man, should make *anger* repulsive to every one. Habitual anger leaves its permanent marks of wretchedness upon the countenance. So all sinful passions may be read in the countenance. Cultivate a cheerful disposition. Do not give way to an unhappy temper.]

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The angry man is a madman.

Command your temper, lest it command you.

## LESSON XVII.

## THE THINGS I LOVE.

1. I love the cheerful summer-time,  
     With all its birds and flowers,  
     The grassy lawn<sup>a</sup> beneath my feet,  
     The cool, refreshing showers.
2. I love to hear the little birds  
     That sing among the trees;  
     I love the gentle murmuring<sup>b</sup> stream,  
     I love the evening breeze.
3. I love the bright and glorious sun  
     That gives us light and heat;  
     I love the pearly<sup>c</sup> drops of dew  
     That sparkle<sup>d</sup> 'neath my feet.
4. I love to hear the busy hum  
     Of honey-making bee,  
     And learn a lesson, hard to learn,  
     Of patient industry.
5. I love to see the playful lambs,  
     So innocent and gay;  
     I love the faithful, watchful dog,  
     Who guards them night and day.
6. I love to think of Him who made  
     These pleasant things for me;  
     Who gave me life, and health, and strength,  
     And eyes that I might see.
7. I love the holy Sabbath-day,  
     So peaceful, calm, and still;  
     And, oh! I love to go to church,  
     And learn my Maker's will.

<sup>a</sup> LAWN, a space of ground covered with grass.

<sup>b</sup> MUR'-MUR-ING, making a low, continued noise.

<sup>c</sup> PEARL'-Y, clear; transparent, like pearl.

<sup>d</sup> SPAR'-KLE, glisten; shine like sparks.

<sup>e</sup> IN'-DUS-TEY, steady attention to business.

[LESSON XVII. Here are mentioned numerous objects and scenes in nature, which are well calculated to awaken in us a deep interest, and call forth our love. Our attention is then directed to HIM who made these pleasant things for us—and, finally, to the Sabbath, and its duties.]

## LESSON XVIII.

LITTLE DICK AND THE GIANT.—*An Allegory.*

1. "Now I will tell you a story—and a true story it is too—about Little Dick and the Giant," said Uncle John; "and you must not ask me any questions about it until I get through."

2. Little Dick was a happy fellow. He would sing and whistle nearly all day. He was as merry as a lark, and as gay as a butterfly, and scarcely any thing could make him sad.

3. One day little Dick thought he would have a ramble<sup>a</sup> in the forest, at some distance from his home. So off he went in high spirits, singing and whistling till the woods rang with his music.

4. At length he reached a clear brook that ran through the woods; and being very thirsty, he stooped down to drink. But, just at that moment, he was suddenly seized—he scarcely knew how—and found himself in the hands of a fierce, ugly-looking giant, a hundred times bigger than himself.

5. For some time the giant held him in his big hands, and looked at him with great delight.<sup>b</sup> He then put him into a large bag, and carried him away.

6. Poor Dick, who was in great fear, did all he could do to escape<sup>c</sup> from his cruel captor. He screamed, and he tried to tear the bag; but the giant only laughed at him, and went on, holding him fast.

7. At last, the giant came to his own house—unlike any that Dick had ever seen before; for it

was a gloomy place—at least it seemed so to Dick—with a high wall all around it, and no trees, nor flowers. When he went in, he shut the door, and took Dick out of the bag.

8. The poor captive<sup>d</sup> thought the giant would now kill him; for, when he looked around, he saw a large fire, and before it were two victims larger than himself, roasting for the giant's dinner. No wonder that Dick trembled with fear!

9. The giant, however, did not mean to kill Dick; but he put him into a prison which he had prepared for him. It was quite a dark room, with cross-bars all around it. The giant gave him a piece of dry bread, and a cup of water, and then left him.

10. The poor captive was very wretched, for he had never before been deprived of his liberty. He beat his head against the iron bars, and dashed backward and forward in his prison-house, but he could not escape.

11. The next day the giant came and looked at Dick; and finding that he had eaten none of the bread, he took him by the head, and crammed some of the bread down his throat. Poor Dick, who was nearly choked to death by this rude treatment, was in too great a fright to think of eating or drinking.

12. He was left alone, in his gloomy prison, another day; and a sad day it was. The poor creature thought of his own pleasant home, his companions, the sunlight, the trees, the flowers, and the many nice things he used to eat; and then he

screamed, and tried to get out between the iron bars: but he only beat and tore himself, and all in vain.

13. The giant came again, and wished Dick to sing, the same as he did when he was in his own home, and was happy. "*Sing! sing! sing!*" said he: "*Why don't you sing'?*" But Dick was too sad to sing. Who could sing in a prison!

14. At length the giant grew very angry, and took Dick out of his prison to make him sing. He shook him, and his big hand almost forced the breath out of Dick's body. Dick gave a loud scream, plunged, and struggled, and then sank dead in the giant's hand!

15. "What a story that is!" said Henry. "Who believes there are any giants<sup>1</sup>! or that they treat little boys so<sup>2</sup>!"

16. "Did I say that Dick was a little boy, and that the giant was a big man<sup>3</sup>? No, no. But I will tell you who they were. Poor Dick was a *little bird*; and that giant was a *cruel boy*."

<sup>a</sup> RAM'-BLE, stroll; excursion.  
<sup>b</sup> DE-LIGHT', pleasure.

<sup>c</sup> ES-CAPE', get away.  
<sup>d</sup> CAP'-TIVE, prisoner.

[LESSON XVIII. is an *allegory*—that is, a story in which the apparent meaning is not the real one, but is designed to set forth some important truth with greater force. The real truth designed to be illustrated in this lesson, is the wickedness of a boy, in depriving of its liberty, and cruelly treating, a little bird. Birds were made for freedom. See, also, LESSONS XIX. and XLIV.]

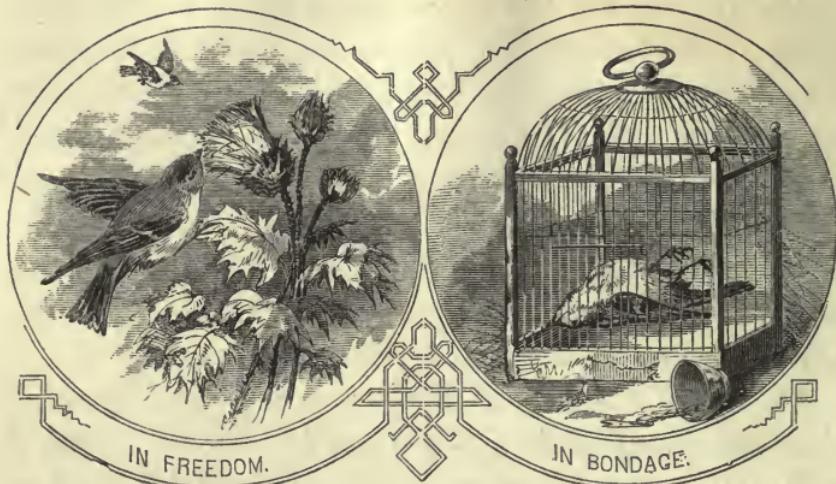
### H Y M N.

1. There is a land above,  
All beautiful and bright;  
And those who love and seek the Lord,  
Rise to that world of light.

2. There sin is known no more,  
     Nor tears, nor want, nor care;  
     There good and happy beings dwell,  
     And all are holy there.
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## LESSON XIX.

## THE GOLDFINCH.



1. Time was when I was free as air',  
     The thistle's downy seed my fare'<sup>a</sup>,  
         My drink the morning dew';  
     I perched<sup>b</sup> at will on every spray'<sup>c</sup>,  
     My form genteel', my plumage<sup>d</sup> gay',  
         My strains'<sup>e</sup> forever new'.
2. But gaudy<sup>f</sup> plumage', sprightly strain',  
     And form genteel', were all in vain',  
         And of a transient<sup>g</sup> date';  
     For caught, and caged, and starved to death',  
     In dying sighs my little breath  
         Soon passed the wiry grate.
3. Thanks, little miss, for all my woes',  
     And thanks for this effectual close,  
         And cure of every ill';

More cruelty could none express';  
 And I, if you had shown me less',  
 Had been your prisoner still.—COWPER.

<sup>a</sup> FÂRE, food.

<sup>b</sup> PERCH'ED, alighted.

<sup>c</sup> SPRAY, twig; branch of a tree.

<sup>d</sup> PLU'-MAGE, feathers.

<sup>e</sup> STRAINS, notes; songs.

<sup>f</sup> GAUD'-Y, showy; splendid.

<sup>g</sup> TRAN'-SIENT, not lasting; of short duration.

[LESSON XIX. is an additional illustration of the principle embraced in the preceding lesson. The goldfinch first describes its happy state of freedom; then its treatment as an enslaved prisoner, and its release by death; and in the first three lines of the last verse it *ironically* thanks the little miss for all its woes. Let the teacher explain what *irony* means.]

## LESSON XX.

### THE OLD SLATE.

1 "I have a great mind to break this stupid old slate," said Charles, one morning, as he sat, with tears in his eyes, almost crying over his first lesson in Subtraction.

"Why, what has the poor slate done?"<sup>12</sup> asked the pleasant voice of his sister Helen, behind him.

2. "Nothing. That is just what I complain of. It won't make the figures in this lesson for me; and here it is almost school-time!"

"What a wicked slate, Charles!"

3. "So it is. I mean to throw it out of the window, and break it in pieces on the stones."

"Will that get your lesson for you, Charley?"<sup>13</sup>

"No; but if there were no slates in the world, I should have no such lessons to learn."

4. "Oh, ho!<sup>14</sup>! Indeed!<sup>15</sup> But that does not follow, by any means. Did slates make Arithmetic?<sup>16</sup> Would people never have to count, and calculate, if there were no slates?<sup>17</sup> You forget pens, lead-

pencils, and paper: you forget all about *oral<sup>a</sup>* arithmetic, Charley'!"<sup>9</sup>

"Well, I don't like to cipher; that's all: but I do like to count."

5. "And so, you hasty boy, you get angry with the poor harmless<sup>b</sup> slate, that is so convenient<sup>c</sup> when you make mistakes and wish to rub them out. This is the way with a great many thoughtless, quick-tempered people. They try to find fault with somebody, or something, and get into a passion,<sup>d</sup> and perhaps do mischief; when, if they would reflect<sup>e</sup>, they would find that they themselves ought to bear all the blame. Now, Charley',<sup>f</sup> let me see what I can do for you."

6. So Helen sat down in her mother's great easy chair: she tried to look grave<sup>f</sup> and dignified, like an old lady, though she was but eighteen. Charley came rather unwillingly, laid the slate on her lap, and began to play with the trimmings on her apron.<sup>g</sup> "Why, what is this'?"<sup>h</sup> said she; "soldiers, and cats, and dogs, and houses with windows of all shapes and sizes'!"<sup>i</sup>

7. Charley looked foolish. "Oh, the lesson is on the other side," said he, turning the slate over.

"Ah, silly boy'!"<sup>j</sup> said Helen; "here you have been sitting half an hour drawing pictures, instead of trying to learn your lesson. And now, which do you think ought to be broken', you' or your slate'?" and she held the slate up high, as if she meant to beat his head with it.

8. Charley looked up, with his hands at his ears, but laughing all the while, for he knew she was

only playing with him. Presently, however, she put on a serious face, and said, "Now, my little man, you must go to work in good earnest, to make up for lost time."

9. "Oh, Helen, it wants only twenty minutes of nine: I shall be late to school. Can't you, just this once, make the figures for me'?"

"No," said Helen.

"Oh, do'! just this once."

10. "No, Charley'; there would be no kindness in that. You would never learn arithmetic in that way. If I do it once', you will find it harder to be refused to-morrow. I will do a much kinder thing: I will just show you a little, and you may do all the work yourself."

11. So she passed her arm gently around him; and though Charley pouted at first, and could hardly see through his tears, she questioned him about the rule, and then began to show him the proper<sup>h</sup> way to get his lesson.

When all was finished, Charley was surprised to find that he should still be in season for school.

12. "Now, to-morrow, Charley," said Helen, "do not waste a moment, but begin your lesson at once, and you will find it a great saving, not only of time, but of temper. I hope you will not get into a passion again, with this good old slate of mine. It went to school with me when I was a little girl, and I should be sorry if you had broken it for not doing your work."

13. Away ran Charles to school, thinking to himself, "Well, I suppose I was wrong, and Helen is

right. I ought not to have been making pictures: I ought to have been getting my lesson."—*Youth's Cabinet*.

a O'-RAL, spoken; not written.  
 b HARM'-LESS, doing no harm.  
 c CON-VĒN'-TENT, suitable; useful.  
 d PAS'-SION, violent anger.

e RE-FLECT', consider.  
 f GRĀVE, serious; sober.  
 g A'-PURN, pronounced *a-purn*.  
 h PROP'-ER, right; correct.

[LESSON XX. shows the folly of putting off any work that ought to be, and must be done. The best way is to set about it at once; with a determination to *do it*. It is a very true saying, that "Where there's a will, there's a way." See the principle of this lesson enforced in LESSONS XXI., XXXI., and XXXII.]

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## LESSON XXI.

### BUSINESS FIRST, AND THEN PLEASURE.

1. A man who is very rich now, was poor when a boy. When asked how he became so wealthy, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till all my work for the day was done, and never to spend my money till I had earned it—that is, never to get into debt.

2. "If I had but half an hour's work to do in the day, I was told that I must do it the first thing, and in half an hour. After this was done I was allowed to play; and I am sure I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind.

3. "I early formed the habit of doing every thing in its time, and it is to this habit that I owe all my good fortune." Let every boy who reads this, form the same habit, and he may have a similar reward.

[LESSON XXI., like the preceding lesson, illustrates the importance of attending to business before pleasure, and of *doing every thing in its time*.]

## LESSON XXII.

## FICKLE WEATHER.

1. It shines', it rains',  
Then shines again':  
What *does* the weather mean'?  
'Tis now in doubt';  
Then *sun* comes out',  
With drizzling mists between'.
2. Now dark', now light',  
Like day', like night':  
'Tis changing, fickle weather'.  
It *mists* at times';  
Then rains', then shines';  
And sometimes, all together.

[LESSON XXII. is a somewhat fanciful description of fickle, changeable weather. It is suitable for declamation.]

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## LESSON XXIII.

## THE LORD MADE THEM ALL.

1. All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small;  
All things wise and wonderful—  
The Lord hath made them all.
2. Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings—  
*He* made their glowing colors,  
*He* made their tiny wings.
3. The distant hazy mountain,  
The river, running by,  
The morning, and the sunset,  
Which both light up the sky;
4. The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden—  
*He* made them, every one.

5. He gave us eyes to see them,  
 And lips that we might tell  
 How great is God Almighty,  
 Who doeth all things well.

[LESSON XXIII. sets forth God's creative power, as shown in an enumeration of some of his works. We are given eyes to see God's works, and lips that we may praise him for them.]

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## LESSON XXIV.

### MEDITATION.



1. Can you tell me what this man is doing'?<sup>1</sup>  
 Why does he sit in that position, with his forehead resting on his hand'<sup>2</sup>? Is he sick'<sup>1</sup>? Is he asleep'<sup>1</sup>?
2. He is not sick', nor is he asleep'; although perhaps he is half dreaming. He is in deep meditation.
3. And what does *meditation* mean'<sup>3</sup>? And why do you say this man is in *deep* meditation'<sup>3</sup>?
4. I will explain to you. This man is *medita-*

*ting'*: that is', he is *thinking* upon some subject'. He is only *thinking*'; he is not talking'. We say this man is in *deep* meditation', because he seems to be engaged<sup>a</sup> in earnest',<sup>b</sup> quiet', and deep'<sup>2</sup> thought'.

5. We might say', he is *absorbed*<sup>c</sup> in thought', or absorbed in meditation'; and we should mean', that he is so fully *occupied*' with thinking', or meditating', that he gives no attention to any thing else'. If some one should pass through the room, perhaps he would neither *see* him', nor *hear* him'.

6. Do you never *meditate*'?<sup>1</sup> Do you not sometimes think about what you have seen', or heard', or done'?<sup>1</sup> Do you not sometimes think *deeply*—*earnestly*?<sup>1</sup> If you have done wrong'—if you have been wicked'—do you not sometimes *reflect*<sup>d</sup> upon your conduct, and resolve<sup>e</sup> to do better'?<sup>1</sup>

7. If you do', as I *hope* you do', then you *meditate*'. The picture at the head of this lesson will aid you in remembering what *meditation* means.

<sup>a</sup> EN-GA<sup>G</sup>'ED, earnestly employed.  
<sup>b</sup> EAEN'-EST, deep; serious.  
<sup>c</sup> AB-SORB'ED, fully occupied.

<sup>d</sup> RE-FLECT', consider attentively.  
<sup>e</sup> RE-SOLVE', determine.

[LESSON XXIV., besides furnishing a variety of useful exercises in *emphasis* and *inflection*, explains the subject of *Meditation*—illustrates it by the aid of the picture—and amply defines the meaning of the word.]

## LESSON XXV.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.—*A Fable, in Prose.*

1. On the approach of winter a company of ants were busily employed<sup>a</sup> in collecting<sup>b</sup> a supply of food, which they kept, for a time, at the doors of their country dwelling, and then stored away in chambers below ground.

2. A cricket, who had chanced to outlive the summer, and was now, wet, and shivering with cold, ready to starve with hunger, approached the ants with great humility, and begged that they would relieve her wants with one mouthful of food, and give her shelter from the storm.

3. "But how is it?" said one of the ants, "that you have not taken pains to provide yourself a house, and to lay in a supply of food for the winter; as we have done?"

4. "Alas, friends," said she, "I needed no house to live in in the summer; and I passed away the time merrily and pleasantly, in drinking, singing, and dancing, and never once thought of winter."

5. "If that be the case," replied the ant, laughing, "all I have to say, is, that they who drink, sing, and dance all summer, must starve in winter. We ants never borrow, and we never lend."

6. MORAL.—Do not, like the silly cricket, waste all your time in play and idle amusement, but store your mind with knowledge, which, like the hoard of the industrious ants, will be of use to you in the winter of adversity.

7. ——— "Go to the ant,\* thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the

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\* Many suppose that the word "ant" is here a mistranslation, and that Solomon spoke of some other animal, because, they say, the *ants* do not lay up a *store of grain* for winter use, as they are torpid during winter. This is, indeed, true of the ants in cold climates. But it is asserted, on good authority, that a species of ants in India stores up the seeds of a kind of grass against the wet or cold season of the year. Even in cold climates the ants carry worms, living insects, etc., into their nests, for food.

summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."—  
*Proverbs.*

<sup>a</sup> EM-PLOY'ED, engaged; occupied.  
<sup>b</sup> COL-LECT'-ING, gathering.

<sup>c</sup> HU-MIL'-I-TY, meekness of manner.  
<sup>d</sup> HOARD, store; supply.

## LESSON XXVI.

### THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.—*A Fable, in Verse.*



1. A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing  
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and  
spring,  
Began to complain, when he found that, at home,  
His cupboard<sup>a</sup> was empty, and winter was come:  
    Not a crumb to be found  
    On the snow-covered ground;  
    Not a flower could he see,  
    Not a leaf on a tree:  
“Oh! what will become,” says the cricket, “of me’?”
2. At last, by starvation and famine made bold,  
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,

Away he set off to a miserly ant,  
 To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant  
     Him shelter from rain,  
     And a mouthful of grain.  
     He wished only to borrow;  
     He'd repay<sup>b</sup> it to-morrow;  
 If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow'.

3. Says the ant to the cricket', "I'm your servant' and friend',  
 But we ants never borrow'; we ants never lend'.  
 But tell' me, dear cricket', did you lay nothing by  
 When the weather was warm'?" Quoth<sup>c</sup> the cricket,  
     "Not I'!

My heart was so light  
 That I sang day and night',  
 For all nature looked gay'."—  
     "You sang, sir, you say'?

Go, then," says the ant, "and dance winter away."

4. Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,<sup>d</sup>  
 And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.  
 Folks call this a *fable*: I'll warrant it *true*:  
 Some crickets have *four* legs', and some have but two'.

<sup>a</sup> CUP'-BOARDED, pronounced *küb'-bürd*.  
<sup>b</sup> RE-PAY', return; pay back.

<sup>c</sup> QUOTH, said; replied.  
<sup>d</sup> WICKET, a small gate.

[LESSONS XXV. and XXVI. The cricket shown in the picture is the Field-Cricket. The moral of the story is told in LESSON XXV. Although the conduct of the miserly ant is not to be commended, yet the treatment which the improvident cricket received was very natural. Those who will not labor for themselves, should not expect others to labor for them.]

### A GRAIN OF CORN.

1. A grain of corn an infant's hand  
     May plant upon an inch of land,  
     Whence twenty stalks may spring, and yield  
     Enough to stock a little field.
2. The harvest of that field might then  
     Be multiplied to ten times ten,  
     Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread  
     Wherewith an army might be fed.

## LESSON XXVII.

## JACK FROST AND THE SOUTH WIND.

1. Jack Frost was a famous king, who had come a great way from the North. A long time he had ruled over the earth and over the streams; and every thing on which he laid his cold hands, he bound in icy chains.

2. Jack Frost was a stern<sup>a</sup> old tyrant. His locks were whitened with snow, so that he seemed to be very aged;<sup>b</sup> and his beard was hung with icicles.<sup>c</sup> His voice was as harsh as the December blast that came howling over the mountains: he never smiled; and it was said of him that he never had any mercy on the poor. They might starve, or freeze, but little did Jack Frost care for their sufferings.<sup>d</sup>

3. At length there arose up against him a great but very mild and gentle king from the South, called the South Wind. Unlike Jack Frost, this king had a smiling face, a laughing eye, and a voice soft and gentle. He had flowing auburn<sup>e</sup> locks, and his smooth beardless face was like that of a boy in the very spring-time of life.

4. When these two kings met, "It is my time now to rule," gently whispered<sup>f</sup> the South Wind.

"Pity you are not more of a man," blustered<sup>g</sup> Jack Frost, as he looked at the beardless face of his rival.

5. "Ah, well, to do as much good as I can, is to do something," answered the South Wind. And in spite of a chilling look of scorn from Jack Frost, he went about his work.

6. First he unchained<sup>h</sup> the streams, and they ran off in a bound, rejoicing in their freedom. The miller hastened to his mill, and the fisher went for his rod.

7. Next he breathed upon the snow-banks, and they melted away: he loosened the earth, and said to the grasses "Take courage."

He swept through the forests, and he brushed over the orchards, starting the sap in the trees, and calling to leaf, bud, and blossom, "Make ready."

8. Wherever he went, the birds followed him with their songs, and he bade them have a thought for their nests.

Then what a waking up was there in the farm-yard! The cows were heard to low, the lambs to bleat, and the hens to cluck: the farmer began to bustle about, and the housewife was all astir.

9. How kind, how cheerful is the South Wind! Though he has a large realm to rule over, and so much to do that he sometimes can not help puffing and blowing, he does not think it beneath him to step aside from his great out-door work, and do *little things* to comfort and to bless.

10. So he breathes gently into the chamber of sickness, and whispers to the poor sufferer, "Be of good cheer; I bring you the promise of better things." Busy, busy, busy is the South Wind. "Every thing in its season," he says.

11. Already Jack Frost seemed to melt a little, especially when he looked around and saw what new life every thing had. "Talents differ," wheezed he: "but it is hard to give up the rule."

12. "Remember," said the South Wind kindly, "that of ourselves we are nothing. We only do the bidding of one Mightier than we, and we can serve him as much in *yielding'*, as in *doing'*—as much in being *set aside'*, as in being *set up'*!"

"Well," sighed Jack Frost, "perhaps it is so." Tears ran down his cheeks, and he shrunk away.

<sup>a</sup> STERN, harsh; severe.

<sup>b</sup> A'-GEd, old.

<sup>c</sup> I'-CI-CLES, pronounced *i'-sī-kelz*.

<sup>d</sup> SUF'-FER-INGS, distress; SORROWS.

<sup>e</sup> AU'-BURN, reddish brown.

<sup>f</sup> WHIS'-PERED, spoke with a low hissing voice.

<sup>g</sup> BLUS'-TERED, talked in a loud and swaggering manner.

<sup>h</sup> UN-CHAINED', loosed.

[LESSON XXVII. The harshness, the cold, and the severity of winter, are here pictured under the unrelenting character of *Jack Frost*; and the mild influences of spring, under the genial character of the *South Wind*. Jack Frost is tyrannical, and unmerciful. The South Wind is a mild and gentle monarch, who does all the good he can. The former is compelled to yield; and in the twelfth verse the *moral* of the lesson is set forth. We are all instruments in the hands of a Mightier than we.]

## LESSON XXVIII.

### WHY SHOULD WE FEAR'?

1. Why should we children ever fear'?<sup>3</sup>

There is in heaven an Eye

That looks with tender fondness down

On all the paths we try.

2. Who guides the sparrow's tiny wing,

And guards her little brood'<sup>3</sup>

Who hears the ravens when they cry,

And fills them all with food'<sup>3</sup>

3. 'Tis He who clothes the field with flowers,

And pours the light abroad';

'Tis He who numbers all the hours—

Our Father, and our God.

4. We are the chosen of his love',

His most peculiar care';

And will He guide the fluttering dove,

And not regard *our* prayer'<sup>1</sup>

5. He'll keep us when the storm is wild,  
     And when the flood is near;  
     We'll trust him, as a little child,  
     And we have nought to fear.

[LESSON XXVIII. God looks down upon all our ways. He extends his protecting care over the birds of heaven; he clothes the field with flowers; pours the light abroad for our good; and numbers the hours of the day. These things should lead us to put our trust and confidence in him, assured that, if we do so, we have nought to fear.]

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### LESSON XXIX.

#### THE BLIND BOY.

1. Do you pity the poor blind boy'?<sup>1</sup> Do you think he is unhappy'<sup>1</sup>? He may not be very unhappy', after all'. He never has seen the sunlight', nor the trees in the field', nor the cattle on the plains', nor the green grass' and the flowers'. But as he knows not what *sight* is', he knows nothing of the loss' of it.

2. He may well ask, in wonder, "what is that thing you call light'?"<sup>2</sup> Can you tell him'<sup>1</sup>? Can you explain it to him'<sup>1</sup>? If he has never *seen* any thing', how can you explain to him what light is'<sup>2</sup>? We may pity' him', for he is deprived of many pleasures that we enjoy': but we are glad to believe that he is not unhappy.

3. O say', what is that thing called *light*',  
     Which I can not enjoy'<sup>2</sup>?  
     What are the blessings of the sight'<sup>2</sup>?  
     O tell your poor blind boy.

4. You talk of wondrous<sup>a</sup> things you see';  
     You say the *sun* shines bright';  
     I feel him warm'; but how can he  
     Make either day or night'<sup>2</sup>?

5. *My day or night', myself I make',  
Whene'er I sleep or play';  
And could I always keep awake',  
It would be always day'.*
6. *With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless<sup>b</sup> wo';  
But sure, with patience, I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.*
7. *Then let not what I can not have  
My peace of mind destroy';  
Whilst thus I sing', I am a king',  
Although a poor blind boy'.*

<sup>a</sup> WON'-DROUS, wonderful; strange.

<sup>b</sup> LUCK'-LESS, unhappy; unfortunate.

[LESSON XXIX. shows that, while we should pity those who are born blind, yet that God, in his mercy, has so made them that they shall not feel the *want* of sight, so much as we should feel the *loss* of it. Those born blind do not even know what sight is! They can have no knowledge of colors. A blind person, when asked what he thought *green* was like, replied, that he thought it was like *the sound of a trumpet!*—The poetry in this lesson is suitable for declamation.]

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### RESENTMENT AND FORGIVENESS.

1. One day a gentleman called upon a judge for counsel,<sup>a</sup> and having stated to him an injury that he had received from a neighbor, asked him if he did not think it manly to resent it.
2. "Yes," said the judge, "it would be *manly* to resent it, but it would be *Godlike* to forgive it!" This reply completely<sup>b</sup> altered<sup>c</sup> the feelings of the applicant.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> COUN'-SEL, advice.

<sup>b</sup> COM-FLETE'-LY, entirely.

<sup>c</sup> AL'-TERED, changed.

<sup>d</sup> AP'-PLI-CANT, the one asking advice.

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Good counsel is above all price.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury.

## LESSON XXX.

## WHAT SHALL WE BUILD?



1. Four children were playing on the sea-shore. They had gathered<sup>a</sup> bright pebbles<sup>b</sup> and beautiful shells, and written their names in the pure, white sand; but at last, tired of their sport, they were about going home, when, as they came to a pile of stones, one of them cried out, "Oh! let us build a fort."

2. "Yes, yes!" replied Edward; "let us build a fort, and we will call that ship, away out there, an enemy's vessel, and make believe we are firing cannon balls into her!" And the two boys—for two of the party were boys, and two were girls—ran off to the pile of stones, and began removing<sup>c</sup> them to a place near the water.

3. "Come, Anna and Jane," said they, "come and help us." "Oh, no! don't let us build a fort," said Jane. "Yes', we will build a fort," replied the boys. "What else can we build'? You would not put a house down here upon the water's edge, would you?"

4. "No! but we will tell you what we can build, which will be much better than a fort. We can build a light-house," said the girls; "and that will be just as much in place on the edge of the sea, as a fort would be. We can call the ship, yonder, a vessel lost in the darkness; and we will hang out a light to direct<sup>d</sup> her in the true way. Will not that be much better than to call her an enemy, and build a fort to destroy her?

5. "See how beautifully she sits upon and glides<sup>e</sup> over the smooth water! Her sails are like the open wings of a bird, and they bear her gracefully along. Would it not be cruel to shoot great balls into her sides, tear her sails in pieces, and kill the men who are on board of her?

6. "Oh! I am sure it would make us all happier to save her when in darkness and danger. No, no! let us not build a fort, but a light-house; for it is better to save than to destroy."

The girls spoke tenderly and earnestly, and their words reached the better feelings of the boys.

7. "Oh, yes!" said they; "we will build a light-house, and not a fort." And they did so.

They were right. We should be brave to resist<sup>f</sup> a real enemy, when he seeks to do evil; but we

should be more earnest to save our friends, than to destroy our enemies.

<sup>a</sup> GATH'-FRED, collected.

<sup>b</sup> PER'-BLES, small round stones.

<sup>c</sup> RE-MÖV'-ING, carrying.

<sup>d</sup> DI-RECT', guide.

<sup>e</sup> GLIDES, moves gently and quickly.

<sup>f</sup> RE-SIST', oppose; withstand.

[LESSON XXX. illustrates the principle that it is better to save, than to destroy: better to do a kindness to our friends, than an injury to our enemies.—What feelings is a light-house calculated to awaken in us? A fort? If all were good, would there be any need of forts, and jails, and locks and bolts for our doors?]

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### LESSON XXXI.

#### TRUST AND TRY.

1. Did you say, Edward, that you can not learn the lesson'?<sup>1</sup> Do you think it a *hard* lesson'<sup>1</sup>? How do you *know* it is a hard lesson'<sup>2</sup>? How can you tell, unless you have *tried* to learn it'<sup>2</sup>?

2. "Can not," did you say'<sup>1</sup>? Can not *try* to learn it'<sup>1</sup>? What *lazy* words those are<sup>1</sup>! What *false* words they are<sup>1</sup>! And I am afraid the boy who uses them is a *lazy* boy.

3. Where is your book', Edward'? "On the shelf," did you say'? Why is it there'? Can you learn your lesson without the book'? Are you too lazy to get your book'?

4. Do not sigh' about it'.<sup>4</sup> Do not cry'<sup>1</sup>? That is not the way'<sup>1</sup>. No'; no'. Get your book. *Try'* to learn your lesson. *Try': try'*.

5. "Can not," Edward, did you say'?  
Chase the lazy thought away;  
Never let such idle words  
From your lips again be heard.

6. Take your book from off the shelf,  
Don't be lazy; help yourself;

O'er your lesson do not sigh :  
*Try* to learn it—*trust*, and *try*.

7. "Can not help being naughty," did you say'?<sup>1</sup>  
 And why not'?<sup>2</sup> Because you forget what I told  
 you'<sup>3</sup> Because you get angry when you are play-  
 ing'<sup>4</sup> Is that the reason why you struck Nelly'<sup>5</sup>

8. But you must *try* not to forget. You must  
*try* not to get angry. You must *try* to be kind  
 and good.

9. "Can not," Edward'? Say not so';  
 All are weak', full well I know';  
 But if you will seek the Lord',  
 He will needful<sup>a</sup> strength afford',<sup>b</sup>  
 Teach you how to conquer<sup>c</sup> sin',  
 Purify your heart within.  
 On your Father's help rely;  
 He will aid you—*trust*, and *try*.

10. Do not say you can not. Drive such a  
 thought away. Try to do right. Try to do your  
 duty. It is a lazy boy who says he can not. It is  
 a wicked boy who says he will not.

11. "Can not," Edward'? Scorn<sup>d</sup> the thought;  
 You can do whate'er you ought;  
 Every duty's call obey,  
 Strive<sup>e</sup> to walk in wisdom's way.  
 Let the sluggard, if he will,  
 Use the lazy "can not" still;  
 On yourself and God rely:<sup>f</sup>  
 Do your duty: *trust*, and *try*.

<sup>a</sup> NEED'-FUL, necessary; requisite.

<sup>b</sup> AF-FÖRD, give; grant.

<sup>c</sup> CON'-QUER, overcome.

<sup>d</sup> SCORN, de-spise; disdain.

<sup>e</sup> STRIVE, try; labor hard.

<sup>f</sup> RE-LY', trust in; depend upon.

[LESSON XXXI. This is another enforcement of the principle illus-  
 trated in LESSON XX. Those only who "try," will succeed; while those  
 who think they "can not," are almost sure to fail. The plea of "can not  
 do right," is no excuse for doing wrong.]

## LESSON XXXII.

## “I CAN,” AND “I WILL.”

1. “I CAN’!” He is a fiery youth’,  
And WILL’, a brother twin’;  
And, arm in arm, in love and truth’,  
They’ll either die or win.
2. Shoulder to shoulder, ever ready’,  
All firm and fearless still  
The brothers labor—true and steady—  
“I CAN,” and brave “I WILL.”
3. “I CAN” climbs to the mountain-top’,  
And plows the billowy main’;  
He lifts the hammer in the shop’,  
And drives the saw and plane.
4. Then say “*I can’!*” Yes, *let it RING*’;  
There is a volume there:  
There’s meaning’ in the eagle’s wing’:-  
Then *soar*, and do, and DARE.
5. Oh, banish from you every “*can’t*,”  
And show yourself a man;  
And nothing will your purpose daunt,  
Led by the brave “I CAN.”

[LESSON XXXII. contains, in the first three verses, a spirited *allegorical* enforcement of the principle illustrated in LESSONS XX. and XXXI. “I CAN” and “I WILL” are represented as *twin brothers*, who can accomplish almost any thing they undertake, by their united labors. The same principle is expressed in the old saying, “Where there’s a will, there’s a way.” In verses four and five, the allegory is dropped.—This piece is suitable for declamation.]

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## LESSON XXXIII.

THE CROCODILE AND THE ICHNEUMON.—*A Fable.*

1. A long time ago a crocodile, of great size and exceeding<sup>a</sup> fierceness, that dwelt on the marshy banks of the River Nile, by his ravages<sup>b</sup> spread

desolation<sup>c</sup> over the whole country around. He seized the shepherds, together with the sheep, and devoured the herdsmen as well as the cattle.

2. Growing bold by success, and by the terror which spread in advance of his ravages, he ventured to carry his incursions<sup>d</sup> even into the island of Tentyra, whose people had long boasted that they were the only tamers of the crocodile race.

3. But even *they* were now struck with horror<sup>e</sup> at the appearance of a monster<sup>f</sup>, so much more terrible than they had ever before seen. Even the boldest of them were afraid to attack him openly; and with all their art and address<sup>g</sup> it was in vain that they attempted to surprise him.

4. While they were consulting together in great fear and trepidation<sup>h</sup>, as to what they should do under these circumstances, an ichneumon, a little animal not so big as a weasel, stepped forth, and thus addressed them :

5. "I perceive your distress, neighbors ; and though I can not assist you in the present difficulty, yet I can offer you some advice that may be of use to you in the future. A little prudence is worth all your courage : for although it may be glorious to overcome a great evil', it is often the wisest way to prevent it.

6. " You despise<sup>i</sup> the crocodile while he is small and weak, and do not sufficiently consider that he is a long-lived animal, and continues to grow as long as he lives. You see I am a poor, little, feeble creature ; yet I am much more terrible to the crocodiles, and more useful to the country, than you

are. *I attack him in the egg*: and while you are contriving for months together how to get rid of *one* crocodile', and all to no purpose', I easily destroy fifty of them in a day."

### MORAL.

7. This fable, dear boys, is intended to show  
 The danger of suff'ring bad habits to grow ;  
 For the vice of a week may be conquer'd, 'tis clear,  
 Much easier than if it went on for a year.

<sup>a</sup> EX-CEED'-ING, very great; excessive.  
<sup>b</sup> RAV'-A-GES, destruction by violence.  
<sup>c</sup> DES-O-LA'-TION, ruin; destruction.  
<sup>d</sup> IN-CUR'-SIONS, inroads; forays.  
<sup>e</sup> HOR'-BOR, excessive fear; terror.

<sup>f</sup> MON'-STER, something horrible.  
<sup>g</sup> AD-DRESS', tact; skill; adroitness.  
<sup>h</sup> TREP-I-DA'-TION, a trembling caused by  
 excessive fear.  
<sup>i</sup> DE-SPISE', scorn; regard with disdain.

[LESSON XXXIII. illustrates the principle that it is much easier to prevent an evil, than to overcome it; or, as the proverb expresses the same truth, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The moral of the fable is well enforced in the seventh verse.]

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### LESSON XXXIV.

#### HOW BEAUTIFUL THE WORLD IS.

1. How beautiful the world is!<sup>10</sup> If we look up', we see the blue sky'; if we look down', we see the green grass'. The sky is like a curtain spread over our heads'; the grass is like a carpet under our feet'; and the bright sun is like a ball of fire to give us light'.

2. Who made this beautiful world?<sup>11</sup> God made the world. He said, "Let there be light; and there was' light." He spake', and it was done'. He made the air' we breathe', the clouds' that give us rain', the waters' that fill the rivers and the seas'; and he made the dry land also.

3. And he made herbs', and plants of all kinds',

and trees', to grow upon the land'. And he made the sun, and placed it in the sky, and bāde it shine all day. He made the moon' to shine at night', and he filled the sky with stars. And God made man also.

4. I saw the glorious sun arise  
O'er yonder mountain gray;  
And as he traveled through the skies,  
The darkness fled away;  
And all around me was so bright  
I wished it would be always light.
5. But when his shining course was done,  
The gentle moon drew nigh;  
And stars came twinkling, one by one,  
Upon the shady sky.  
Who made the sun to shine so far'?  
And moon, and every twinkling star'?
6. 'Twas God, my child, who made them all  
By his almighty skill;  
He keeps them, that they do not fall,  
And guides them by his will:  
That glorious God, who lives afar  
In heaven, beyond the brightest star.

[LESSON XXXIV. directs attention to the beautiful world in which we live, the sun, the moon, the stars, etc. ; and to God as the maker and supporter of all.]

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### LESSON XXXV.

#### THE ECHO.

1. Little George had not the least idea of an echo. One day he happened to cry out in the fields, "Ho! ho!" and he instantly heard the same words repeated from the thicket near him.
2. Surprised at the sound, he exclaimed, "Who

are you'?" upon which the voice returned the same words, "Who are you'?"

3. George cried out, "You must be a very foolish fellow." "Foolish fellow!" repeated the voice from the thicket. George then began to grow angry, and he uttered<sup>a</sup> words of defiance<sup>b</sup> toward the spot whence the sound proceeded.

4. The echo faithfully repeated all his words. Then George, in order that he might avenge<sup>c</sup> himself, searched through the wood for the boy, who he supposed was mocking him; but he could find nobody.

5. After searching in vain for some time, he ran home, and complained to his mother that a wicked boy, concealed in the wood, had been mocking him.

6. "Ah, now you are complaining of your own self," replied his mother. "You have heard nothing but your own words. Even as you have often seen your own face reflected in the clear water, so you have just heard your own voice in the woods.

7. "If you had uttered an exclamation of kindness, you would have received the same in reply."

It is thus in every-day life. The conduct of others toward us, is generally an echo of our own. As we treat them', so they are very apt to treat us'.

<sup>a</sup> UT'-TERED, spoke.

<sup>b</sup> DE-FI'-ANCE, invitation to combat.

| <sup>c</sup> A-VENGE', punish the person who mocked him.

[LESSON XXXV. This story of the little boy who heard the echo of his own voice, and got angry at it, has a very good moral, which is stated in the last verse. Not only anger, hate, revenge, and all unkindness toward us, but goodness, politeness, love, etc., are, generally, only the reflection of our own conduct. If *all* would do unto others as they would have others do unto them, what a happy world this would be!] ]

## LESSON XXXVI. A PEEP AT THE BIRDS.



The Robin.

1. How do you like the robin?<sup>1</sup>? He comes to see us early in the spring. He likes to build a nest in the apple-tree, and he does not seem to care how near he gets to the house.

2. But perhaps the blue-bird comes a little earlier than the robin. Sometimes he comes a little too early, before the cold weather is past. He sings merrily enough for a day or two, when the weather is pleasant, and then he begins to think about building a nest.

3. But suddenly there comes a wind from the northeast, and the clouds cover the sky; and the rain—the cold, cold rain pours down on the poor bird and his mate. Alas! alas! how cold they are!<sup>10</sup> But they get into as warm a place as they can find, until the storm is over, and the weather is warm again; and then you will hear the blue-bird sing as merrily as he did before.



The Blue-bird.

their home there, after the bird has left.

5. The sparrows are very little birds. Did you ever see a ground-sparrow's nest?<sup>1</sup> The sparrow has its nest in the grass, and the eggs are very small, and spotted. The chipping-bird, also, is a sparrow, but it builds its nest in a bush, or in a tree.



Swallows.

6. But what about the swallows?<sup>1</sup><sup>2</sup> The swallows'<sup>1</sup> Yes; they are very common birds—as common—that is, as numerous, as the sparrows. You have all seen flocks of them, I suppose; those of you, at least, who live in the country.

7. The most common swallows in this country are the barn-swallows. They build their nests—sometimes quite early in the spring—under the eaves of the barn, and inside of the barn against the rafters.

8. These barn-swallows are real masons. They build their nests mostly of mud, which they carry in their little bills. Then they get small straws, and bits of grass, and cotton, and wool, and line the inside of their nests, so as to make a warm place for the eggs, and for the young birds.

4. Blue-birds build their nests in holes in trees; but they do not make the holes for their nests, for their bills are not fitted for boring holes. They often find a hole that some other bird has made, and they make

9. What a noise the busy swallows make around the old barn'! There is not much music in their song, it is true: but who does not love to hear the merry chattering of these birds'? They are so cheerful, they seem to enjoy themselves finely.

10. There are chimney-swallows, which build their nests in chimneys. The young birds make a great chattering, to tell the old birds they are hungry; and sometimes those who live in the house destroy the nests, to get rid of the noise.

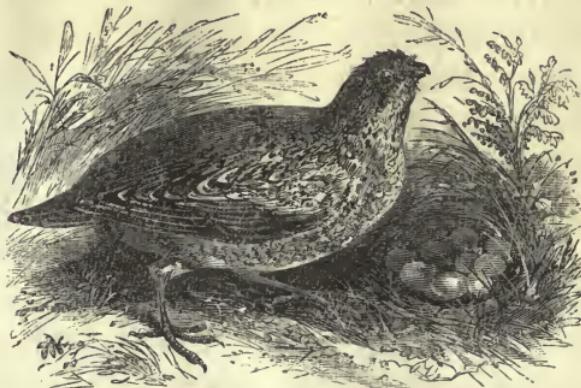
11. There are bank-swallows, also. They make deep holes in sand-banks, where they build their nests. And in a distant country there is a species of swallow that builds its nest mostly of a kind of gum, which some people eat, and which they are so fond of that these nests are sold at a very high price.

12. Did you ever see a quail'? A quail'? Certainly I have seen quails; and I have heard them too. They sing a song that sounds like *more wheat!* *more wheat!* They like wheat; and perhaps that is the reason why the boys say they sing "*more wheat.*"

13. In the winter, quails are very fat, and a great many of them are killed to be eaten. Boys catch them in box-traps made of boards, or in snares, as they catch rabbits.

14. Did you ever try to find a quail's nest'? No doubt you have, if you have rambled much in the country. But did you find it'? I think not. The quail makes her nest on the ground. When she sees you coming, she creeps slyly away from the

nest; and when she thinks she has gone far enough, she makes a great noise to attract<sup>a</sup> your attention.



The Quail and her Nest.

15. You think the nest is near that spot; but the quail is only cheating you. She is very cunning. If you follow her, she hobbles around as if she could neither run nor fly; but when she has led you far enough from the nest, she starts up suddenly, and flies rapidly away.

16. The partridge is another cunning bird—just as cunning as the quail. She has played the boys a trick many a time. This is the way she does it. The boy hears the partridge fluttering in the leaves, and making a great noise, as if her nest were there, and as if she were afraid the little fellow would find it.

17. When the boy runs to the place, the bird limps along, and flutters as if her wings were broken. But, my boy, you'll not find that nest; for the nest is away in another direction.

18. The truth is, when the partridge sees the boy—and she sees him when he is a great way off



The Partridge.

—she covers her nest with leaves, and creeps off quite a distance, and so slyly that he can neither see her nor hear her; and when the boy has followed her far enough, she starts up, and flies away “on whirring wings,” like the quail.



The Peacock.

19. But let us talk about some of the larger birds. The peacock, you know, is called a proud bird. He acts as if he thought every body was looking at him, and admiring his beauty. He is rather a pretty bird, to be sure; but why need he be so proud of it?

20. There is the peacock’s friend, the swan. He is a much more useful bird than the peacock, and has much more to be proud of. Perhaps he, too, has a little pride. He is rather awkward



The Swan.

when he waddles about on the land; but just let him get into the water, and *then* look at him!

21. How prettily he paddles himself along<sup>a</sup>! How gracefully he curves his neck<sup>b</sup>! The

peacock could not swim like him. In fact, I do not believe he could swim at all. Pride has a bad look, wherever you see it. To be proud of one's *dress* is the most foolish of all pride.



The Eagle.

22. Who has not read about the eagle<sup>c</sup>? He is a noble bird. He will not feed on carrion.<sup>d</sup> He flies very high in the air, and does not often come where men

can shoot him. Many stories are told of the eagle, but we have not room for any of them here.

23. The vulture is a large bird, and has very filthy<sup>e</sup> habits. Unlike the eagle, he feeds on carrion, which he scents<sup>f</sup> at a great distance; and when he finds it he greedily<sup>e</sup> devours it, like a glutton.<sup>f</sup>



The Vulture.

24. People who are all the time searching out the faults of others, and talking about their failings, are sometimes likened<sup>g</sup> to the vulture—they so much delight in finding out all that is impure and bad.

25. What are another's faults to me<sup>h</sup>?

I've not a vulture's bill,  
To pick at every flaw I see,  
And make it wider still'.

It is enough for me to know  
 I've follies of my own',  
 And on myself my care bestow,  
 — Let others' faults alone.

<sup>a</sup> AT-TRACT', draw; engage.  
<sup>b</sup> CAR'-EI-ON, putrid flesh.  
<sup>c</sup> FILTH'-Y, dirty; nasty.  
<sup>d</sup> SCENTS, smells.

<sup>e</sup> GREED'-I-LY, voraciously; ravenously.  
<sup>f</sup> GLUT'-TON, a voracious eater.  
<sup>g</sup> LI'-KENED, compared.

[LESSON XXXVI. is a brief description of the habits of the robin, bluebird, sparrows, three kinds of swallows, quail, partridge, peacock, swan, eagle, and vulture. Why are fault-finders, and slanderers, likened to the vulture?]

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## LESSON XXXVII.

## I WOULD I WERE A LITTLE BIRD.

*The Little Girl's Wish.*

1. I would I were a little bird,  
     To fly so far and high;  
     And sail along the golden clouds,  
     And through the azure<sup>a</sup> sky.  
     I'd be the first to see the sun  
     Up from the ocean spring;  
     And ere it touch'd the glittering<sup>b</sup> spire,<sup>c</sup>  
     His ray should gild<sup>d</sup> my wing.
2. Above the hills I'd watch him still,  
     And down the crimson west;  
     And sing to him my evening song,  
     Ere yet I sought my rest.  
     And many a land I then should see,  
     As hill and plain I cross'd;  
     Nor fear, through all the pathless sky,  
     That I should e'er be lost.
3. I'd fly where, round the olive boughs  
     The vine its tendrile weaves;  
     And shelter from the noonbeams seek  
     Among the myrtle leaves.

Now, if I climb our highest hill,  
 How little can I see<sup>a</sup>!<sup>10</sup>  
 Oh, if I had but wings, mamma,  
 How happy should I be<sup>b</sup>!

*The Mother's Reply.*

4. Wings can not soar *above* the sky,  
 As thou in thought canst do;  
 Nor can the veiling<sup>c</sup> clouds confine  
 Thy mental eye's<sup>d</sup> keen view.  
 Not to the sun dost thou chant forth  
 Thy simple evening hymn;  
 Thou praisest Him, before whose smile  
 The noonday's sun grows dim.
5. Though strong and free, the bird may droop,  
 Or bars restrain its flight;  
*Thought* none can stay; more swift its speed  
 Than snowy beams of light.  
 A lovelier clime the bird may seek,  
 With summer go and come—  
 Beyond the earth awaits for thee  
*A bright eternal home.*

<sup>a</sup> AZ'-URE, light blue.

<sup>b</sup> GLIT'-TER-ING, shining.

<sup>c</sup> SPIRE, steeple.

<sup>d</sup> GILD, cause to shine like gold.

<sup>e</sup> TEN'-DRIL, a slender, twining part of a plant.

<sup>f</sup> VEIL'-ING, hiding: concealing.

<sup>g</sup> "MENTAL EYE," the mind's eye.

[In LESSON XXXVII., a little girl expresses the delight she thinks she should feel, if she could soar away on wings, like a bird, and visit distant lands. It is a childish dream of happiness, which the mother avails herself of for a beautiful moral lesson. In her reply she tells the little girl that *thought* can soar higher than wings, and fly swifter than light; and, finally, contrasts the bird's evening song to the sun, with the child's evening hymn; and the sunny southern home of the bird, with the child's *eternal home.*]

## LESSON XXXVIII.

## OLD WONDER-EYES.



1. When Grace Greenwood was in England, she visited a family who lived in a large house in the country, around which were beautiful gardens, and green lawns,<sup>a</sup> and a great many pet<sup>b</sup> animals, such as dogs, rare white kittens, gay parrots, canaries,<sup>c</sup> and silver pheasants.

2. One of these pets was an owl, that sat all alone by himself in a large green cage. He was a cross and surly<sup>d</sup> old fellow. Grace Greenwood says, in her book called the Little Pilgrim, “I tried very hard to make friends with this owl, but it was of no use: he never treated me with decent civility.<sup>e</sup>

3. “One day, when I was offering him a bit of cake, he caught my finger, and bit it till it bled; and I said to Mrs. M——, ‘Why do you keep that cross old creature?’ I noticed<sup>f</sup> that my friend looked sad when she answered me, saying, ‘We only keep him for our dear little Minnie’s sake: he was her pet.’ I had never heard of little Minnie, so I asked about her, and was told the following story.”

4. Minnie was a sweet, gentle little girl, who

loved every body and every creature that God has made ; and every body and every creature she met seemed to love her. Rough people were gentle to her, and cross people were kind. She could go up to vicious<sup>g</sup> horses, and fierce dogs, and spiteful<sup>h</sup> cats, and they would become quiet and mild. I don't think any thing could resist her loving eyes, unless it were a mad bull or a setting hen.

5. One night, as Minnie lay awake in her little bed, in the nursery, listening to a summer rain, she heard a strange fluttering and scratching in the chimney, and she called to her nurse, and said, "Biddy!" what is that funny noise up there?" Biddy listened a moment, and said, "Sure, it's nothing but a stray rook<sup>i</sup>. Now he's quite gone away—so go to sleep wid ye, my darling!"

6. Minnie tried to go to sleep, like a good girl ; but after a while she heard that sound again, and presently something came fluttering and scratching right down into the grate, and out into the room ! Minnie called again to Biddy ; but Biddy was tired and sleepy, and *wouldn't* wake up.

7. It was so dark that Minnie could see nothing, and she felt a little strange ; but she was no coward ; and as the bird seemed very quiet, she went to sleep again after a while, and dreamed that great flocks of rooks were flying over her, slowly, slowly, and making the darkness with their jet-black wings.

8. She awoke very early in the morning, and the first thing she saw was a great gray owl, perched<sup>j</sup> on the bed-post at her feet, staring at her with his

big, round eyes. He did not fly off when she started up in bed, but only ruffled up his feathers and said, "Who!" Minnie had never before seen an owl; but she was not afraid, and she answered merrily, "You'd better say 'Who!' Why, who are you yourself, you queer old Wonder-eyes!"

9. Then she awoke Biddy, who was dreadfully frightened; and Biddy called up John, the man-servant, who caught the owl, and put him into a cage.

10. This strange bird was ill-natured and gruff<sup>k</sup> to every body but Minnie: he seemed to be fond of her from the first. So he was called "Minnie's Pet." He would take food from her little hand: he would perch on her shoulder, and let her take him on an airing around the garden; and sometimes he would sit and watch her studying her lessons, and look as wise and solemn as a learned professor, till he would fall to winking and blinking, and go off into a sound sleep.

11. Minnie grew really fond of this pet, grave and unsocial as he was; but she always called him by the saucy name she had first given him—*Old Wonder-eyes*.

12. In the winter-time little Minnie was taken ill, and she grew worse and worse, till her friends all knew that she was going to leave them very soon. Darling little Minnie was not sorry to die. As she had loved every body and every creature that God had made, she could not help loving God, and she was not afraid to go to Him when He called her.

13. The day before she died she gave all her pets to her brothers and sisters ; but she said to her mother, " *You* take good care of poor old Wonder-eyes, for he'll have nobody to love him when I am gone."

14. The owl missed Minnie very much ; and whenever he heard any one coming, he would cry, " Who !" and when he found it wasn't his friend, he would ruffle up his feathers, and look as though he felt himself insulted. He grew crosser and crosser every day, till there would have been no bearing with him, if it had not been for the memory of Minnie.

15. Such was the story told me of the old owl. When I next saw him, sitting glaring<sup>1</sup> and growling on his perch, I understood why he was so unhappy and sullen. My heart ached for him—but so did the finger he had bitten ; and I did not venture very near to tell him how sorry I was for him. When I think of him now, I don't blame him, but pity him for his crossness ; and I always say to myself, " *Poor old Wonder-eyes.*"

<sup>a</sup> LAWN, a space of ground covered with grass.

<sup>b</sup> PET, treated as a pet ; fondled.

<sup>c</sup> CA-NA'-RY, a song-bird from the Canary Isles.

<sup>d</sup> SUR'-LY, gloomily cross or morose ; sullen.

<sup>e</sup> CI-VIL'-I-TY, politeness.

<sup>f</sup> NO'-TICED, observed ; saw.  
<sup>g</sup> VI"-CIOUS, untamed ; unruly.

<sup>h</sup> SPIKE'-FUL, malicious.

<sup>i</sup> POOK, a bird resembling a crow.

<sup>j</sup> PERCH'ED, roosting or sitting as a bird.

<sup>k</sup> GRUFF, stern ; surly ; ill-natured.

<sup>l</sup> GLAR'ING, looking with fierce eyes.

[LESSON XXXVIII. The interesting story of "Old Wonder-eyes" sets forth the beautiful character of a gentle little girl, who loved all God's creatures, and who seemed to be loved by them in return. There is a charm about gentleness and goodness which is not lost, even upon the brute creation, as is shown in the attachment which the ill-natured and gruff owl formed for little Minnie. Let the teacher illustrate the principle farther, by narrating other instances of affection, on the part of animals, for those who treat them kindly. Such is the story of "Androcles and the Lion," etc.]

## LESSON XXXIX.

## FATHER AND DAUGHTER.



1. Is the man asleep'?<sup>1</sup> Why do you think he is asleep'<sup>2</sup>? His *eyes'* are closed';<sup>4</sup> and is not that a sign that he is sleeping'? Perhaps he shuts his eyes because they are weak'. Do you think that is the reason'? Who thinks that is the reason'?

2. I think he is listening to the little girl who is reading. But who is this little girl'<sup>3</sup>? Do you think she is his daughter'? What book do you

suppose she is reading'?' Do you think it is the Bible'?' It must be some book that interests her very much.

3. Can you describe this man'?' Let me hear you describe him. Is he an *old* man', or a *young* man'?' He is a middle-aged man. But how old is a middle-aged man'?' A middle-aged man is one who is between thirty-five and forty years of age.

4. This man is not old', for his face is not wrinkled', nor is his head bald': but whether his hair is gray', or not', who' can tell'?' He does not appear to be a *laboring* man'—that is, a workman in the fields. He is not dressed like a laboring man.

5. He is sitting with his left elbow resting on a round table, and with his face resting upon his hand. Can you see a finger of his left hand'?' Which finger can you see'?' Where is his other hand'?' On which knee is it resting'?' Has he hold of his daughter's *left* hand', or her *right* hand'?'

6. Do you think he is a student'?' Why do you think he is a student'?' Do you see any books near him'?' There are books on the floor', and books on the table'. How many books do you see on the floor'?' How many on the table'?

7. Can you tell how this man is dressed'?' Does he wear a cloak', or a coat'?' No; neither. He has on a student's gown, which is drawn together around the waist by a cord, one end of which, with the tassel, can be seen.

8. How old do you think the little girl is'?' In

what part of the book is she reading' ? Why do you think she is reading near the middle of the book' ?

9. Parent and child<sup>'!10</sup> Father and daughter<sup>'!10</sup>  
What earthly affection is purer than a parent's love for a dutiful child<sup>'!10</sup> What is more pleasing than a child's love for a kind and indulgent parent<sup>'!10</sup>

<sup>4</sup> See Note to RULE IV.

<sup>5</sup> See RULE V., Note II.

[LESSON XXXIX. This, besides being a useful lesson on emphasis, and the inflections, is another illustration of the principle of *object* teaching from pictures.]

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## LESSON XL.

### A FATHER'S BLESSING.

1. My father raised his trembling hand,  
And laid it on my head';  
"God bless thee, O my son, my son!"  
Most tenderly he said.
2. He died, and left no wealth of gold:  
But still I was his heir;  
For that rich blessing which he gave  
Became a fortune rare.
3. Now, in my weary hours of toil  
To earn my daily bread',  
It gladdens me in thought to feel  
His hand upon my head.
4. Though many years of busy life  
Have passed away since then,  
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,  
I'm but a child again.

[LESSON XL. is a brief but touching description of a father blessing his son, and of the deep affection with which the remembrance of the event was treasured up in after life by the latter.]

## LESSON XLI.

## THE DAISY'S SOCIAL CIRCLE.



English Daisy.

1. A daisy was just starting up in the meadow. One might have thought it a lonely place to live in ; but a social<sup>a</sup> circle was already forming around the little plant.

2. The sunbeam and the dew-drop met there ; the gentle rain came patterning down ; and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass ; and the earth around the tiny roots took the light, the water, and the air, to her bosom, and introduced them to the daisy germ ; and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each lent its influence<sup>b</sup> to nurse the little thing with an aliment<sup>c</sup> that made it grow.

3. And when the daisy raised its eyes toward the sky, its companions wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun looked down through the green leaves, and smiled as he passed on. The daisy lifted up its head ; and, one morning, while the sun was looking upon the dews, the little plant put on its silver-rimmed diadem,<sup>d</sup> and showed its yellow petals.<sup>e</sup>

4. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming<sup>f</sup> in the sky. And all of them that had silver-lined wings came<sup>g</sup> ; and birds in black, and gray, and Quaker-brown came<sup>g</sup> ; and the blue-bird, and the courtesying yellow-bird came<sup>g</sup> ; and each sung its own pretty song at the coronation<sup>g</sup> of the daisy.

5. Every thing that sung for, or shone upon, that modest flower, was a member of that social circle. Heaven, earth, sky and sea, were the companions of the daisy: the sun and stars walked hand in hand with it, as kindly as if they had never seen another flower, or had another companion. And all were happy, for they loved one another.

<sup>a</sup> SO'-CIAL, inclined to society; friendly.  
<sup>b</sup> IN'-FLU-ENCE, aid; assistance; power.  
<sup>c</sup> AL'-I-MENT, food; nourishment.  
<sup>d</sup> DI'-A-DEM, crown.

<sup>e</sup> PET'-ALS, the flower-leaves of the plant.  
<sup>f</sup> SWIM'-MING, flying; sailing.  
<sup>g</sup> COR-O-NA'-TION, the ceremony of crowning.

[LESSON XLI. Under the allegory of the daisy and her companions, the circumstances attending the growth of the former are briefly described. Let the teacher explain, as well as he can, how the air, the sunlight, the dew, the rain, and the earth, combine to make the daisy grow. See Fourth Reader, pages 182-3, 192-3, 207-8, etc.]

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## LESSON XLII.

### THE SELFISH BOY.

1. What a selfish<sup>a</sup> boy Matthew was<sup>b</sup>! You would not have given a fig to play with him. He had carpenter's tools, and books, and pencils, and paper, and a brush and colors, and balls, and kites, and little ships, and skates, and snow-shovels, and sleds. How pleasant Matthew might have made it for his visitors.

2. But if you went to play with him on Saturday afternoon, he would watch all his playthings as closely as a cat would a mouse; and if you went near them, he would sing out—“D-o-n-’t; t-h-a-t’s. m-i-n-e<sup>c</sup>!”

3. Of course, it was not much fun to go and see him. You had to play every thing he wished you

to, or he would pout, and say he wouldn't play at all.

4. He had slices of cake, that he had kept till they were as hard as his heart; and cents, and dimes, and half dimes, that he would handle, and jingle, and count over, like any little miser.<sup>b</sup> All the beggars in the world could not have coaxed<sup>c</sup> one out of his pocket, if they had been starving to death.

5. Then Matthew was such a cry-baby. We all love a *brave* boy. Matthew would go screaming to his mother if he got a scratch, as if a wild tiger were after him; and if you said any thing to him about it, he would pout, and stick out his lips, and be sullen for an hour.

6. It was like drawing teeth to get him to go across the room to hand you a book. He ought to have had a little world all to himself, ought he not'? What a selfish boy he was'!

7. But I pitied him. I could not help it. There was nothing child like about him. He always seemed to me like a miserly little old man. He never tossed his cap up in the air, and laughed a good hearty laugh. He never sprang, or ran, or climbed, or shouted, as other boys do.

8. No: selfish Matthew crawled around as if he had leaden weights on his heels. When he talked he scarcely moved his lips; and his face was as long as—I was going to say, as long as my arm.

9. When his mother was told of his faults, and asked why she did not *make* him do better, and

*make* him act differently, she would say, "Oh, he will outgrow his faults by-and-by." But I knew better. I knew that if his faults were not corrected, his selfishness would grow as fast as *he* grew; and that when he came to be a man, he would be unfeeling to the poor, and make hard bargains with them, and wring the last penny out of their threadbare pockets.

10. Poor Matthew'! He was so selfish, he could never be happy'! No: he could never know the pleasure of making a sad face bright, or of drying up the tear of the despairing.<sup>d</sup> And when the selfish man dies, he can not carry his money with him; he will have to leave it. And who, do you suppose, will mourn for him'?

11. Children'! children'! *be generous*'. If you have only half a stick of candy, give *somebody* a part of it. Perhaps some child will say, "But I have nothing to give." That's a mistake. There is not a boy or girl living, who has nothing to give.

12. Give good wishes. Give kind words and smiles to the sad and weary-hearted. If a little child, who is poorly clad, goes to your school, with his clothes patched, darned—nay, even ragged; if the tear starts to his eye when your school-mates laugh at him, and shun him, and refuse to play with him—just go right up and put your arms around his neck, and ask him to play with *you*.

13. That is what you can do. That is what you can give. *Love him*. Love is sometimes worth more than food, and drink, and clothing. You can

all love the sad and sorrowful. Then never say you have "*nothing to give.*"

<sup>a</sup> SELF'-ISH, regarding one's own interest chiefly.

<sup>b</sup> MI'-SER, one who cares for nothing but

<sup>c</sup> COAX'ED, persuaded by flattery.

<sup>d</sup> DE-SPAIR -ING, those without hope.

[LESSON XLII. This lesson describes the character of the extremely selfish boy, who, although he deserves our censure, is to be pitied also, for he can never be happy. Such a boy will be apt to become a hard-hearted, unfeeling, miserly old man, shunned and despised by all. Children! listen to the advice given in the last three verses of this lesson.]

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### LESSON XLIII.

#### THE LOST CAMEL.

1. A dervis<sup>a</sup> was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg'?" said the dervis'.

2. "He was," replied the merchants. "Had he lost a front tooth'?" said the dervis'. "He had," rejoined<sup>b</sup> the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and corn on the other'?" "Most certainly he was'," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and describe him so well, we suppose you can conduct us to him."

3. "My friends," said the dervis', "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from yourselves." "A pretty story, truly'!" said the merchants: "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden'?" "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervis.

4. On this they seized him, and took him to the

cadi,<sup>a</sup> where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found against him; nor could any evidence<sup>e</sup> be produced to prove him guilty,<sup>f</sup> either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer,<sup>f</sup> when the dervis, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:

5. "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for you to think that I have been deceiving you: but I have lived long, and alone; and have found ample<sup>g</sup> room for observation, even in a desert.

6. "I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed<sup>h</sup> from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footsteps on the same route: I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped<sup>i</sup> the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived<sup>j</sup> that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression<sup>k</sup> one foot had made upon the sand.

7. "I also concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured, in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden<sup>e</sup> of the beast, the busy ants informed<sup>l</sup> me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

<sup>a</sup> DER'-VIS, a Turkish priest or monk.

<sup>b</sup> RE-JOIN'ED, replied; answered.

<sup>c</sup> BUR'-DEN, load.

<sup>d</sup> CA'-DI, a Turkish judge.

<sup>e</sup> EV'-I-DENCE, proof; testimony.

<sup>f</sup> SOR'-CE-RER, a magician.

<sup>g</sup> AM'-PLE, abundant.

<sup>h</sup> STRAY'ED, wandered.

<sup>i</sup> CROP'PED, eaten off.

<sup>j</sup> PER-CEIV'ED, knew.

<sup>k</sup> IM-PRES'-SION, mark made by pressure.

<sup>l</sup> IN-FORM'ED, made known.

[LESSON XLIII. This is a good illustration of the *principle* of correct object instruction. It shows how much may be learned by carefully noticing and studying whatever passes under our observation.]

LESSON XLIV.  
THE CAPTIVE BIRD'S COMPLAINT.



1. I wonder what my wings were made for',  
Fluttering, active, restless things'!  
If this cage is *all* of bird-land',  
Tell me why a bird has wings'.
2. Shaking, hopping, waiting, restive'<sup>a</sup>,  
How I long for once to fly'!  
How my aching pinions<sup>b</sup> tremble'!  
Give me life', or let me die'.
3. Yonder, in a deep-green cedar',  
Fair as light, and light as air',  
Shouts aloud a joyous robin':  
If you *love'* me', send me there'.
4. Better *any thing*, with freedom',  
Than to know that one has wings,  
And must ever keep them fetter'd;<sup>c</sup>  
Slavery hath a thousand stings.

5. Oh, this cage'! it does not fit' me:  
 I'm not *made* for it, I know:  
 Mine is yonder azure<sup>d</sup> heaven—  
 If you *love'* me', let me go'.

<sup>a</sup> REST'-IVE, uneasy.  
<sup>b</sup> PIN'-IONS, wings.

<sup>c</sup> FET'-TERED, confined.  
<sup>d</sup> Az'-URE, light blue.

[LESSON XLIV. “The Captive Bird’s Complaint”—a sigh for freedom—is a touching appeal against the cruelty of imprisoning the songsters of the grove. See, also, LESSONS XVIII. and XIX.]

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## LESSON XLV.

### THE CRICKETS ON THE HEARTH.

“On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
 Has wrought a silence, from the hearth there thrills  
 The cricket’s song.”

1. Bless the crickets, with their merry voices,” said Aunt Mary. “What shrill<sup>a</sup> notes<sup>b</sup> they send up from the kitchen below! How they chirp! chirp! as if they were having a merry time down there.”

2. “The merry *voices* of the crickets’, did you say’? But the cricket *has* no voice’. Did you know that’?”

“Then how can the cricket sing’? How can he chirp’? Is not that the cricket’s *voice’?* And don’t you hear him now’?”

3. “Yes, yes. I *hear* him’. But he does not make that noise with his mouth’, but by rubbing his two outer *wings* together. The cricket is no singer—but a very good fiddler. Just watch him when he makes that noise—but do not frighten him—and you can see how he does it.”

4. "That is very strange' indeed'," said Willie. "I thought, as Aunt Mary did, that it was a *song* which the cricket *sung*. But I like to hear it, for Uncle John says, 'to have a cricket on the hearth,' is the luckiest thing in the world.'"



The Crickets in the Kitchen.

5. "Lucky indeed'!" said Minnie. "But is not the cricket a thief? Does he not, in the night time, come out of the chinks and crannies,<sup>d</sup> where he has lain hidden all day, and eat up the crumbs that have fallen from the kitchen table'? And if he chance<sup>e</sup> to be thirsty—as he always is—and no water be near, does he not get into the milk-jug, or gnaw great holes in the wet woolen stockings hung by the kitchen fire to dry'?"

6. "And what if he *does* all this'!" said Willie. "May he not take the crumbs which have been thrown away'? Is there any harm in this'? And

is it not well that he should teach you and Lucy to be more careful than to leave the damp stockings where he can reach them'? May not the cricket get his living the best way he can'?"

7. "I think the crickets must be very happy," said Lucy. "I should like to be a cricket, and sit all day by the fire, with nothing to do but sing, and never have to go to school."

8. "You'! You, Lucy'! You wish to be a cricket?" said I'. "You who so dearly love the fields and the flowers', and the sunshine', and the bright sky', and the beautiful butterflies'! Would you be willing to be deprived of all these'?"

9. "Would you like to be shut up all day—all summer too, as well as winter—with nothing to look at but the red fire, the black chimney, the kettle, the andirons, and the saucepan'; with no sweet song of birds or hum of bees to listen to, only the wind in the chimney, or the clatter of the tongs and poker, or the tick of the clock on the mantelpiece'?"

10. "Poor thing'!"<sup>10</sup> exclaimed Lucy. "I never thought of summer. I was only thinking what a snug and warm home you have in winter'. Poor cricket'!<sup>10</sup> How I pity' you!"

11. "Nay, now, Lucy," said I, "you need not pity him; for, like all the creatures which our good heavenly Father has made, he is very happy in his way. Does he not seem to say so in that little song which he plays on his fiddle'?"

12. And so we all agreed that the cricket is as happy in *his* way', as we are in *ours'*; that, al-

though he has no voice, he has a very good fiddle, and plays on it remarkably<sup>f</sup> well'; that he does not need our pity', and that he is not a very bad thief after all'. But who would like to exchange places with him'! "Not I." "Not I." "Not I." And so said we all.

a SHRILL, sharp in sound.

b NOTES, musical sounds.

c HEARTH, pronounced *härth*.

d CRAN'-NIES, narrow openings, etc.

e CHANCE, happen.

f RE-MARK'-A-BLY, exceedingly.

[LESSON XLV., illustrated by a view of several house-crickets around the kitchen fire-place—one on the woolen stockings, and one climbing up the milk-jug—corrects a popular error—the belief that crickets have voices, and can sing, etc. Minnie's censure of the crickets is well replied to by Willie: and Lucy's very inconsiderate wish she herself is let to retract, after a little reflection.—See the subject of "The Music of Insects" farther explained in LESSON LX.]

## LESSON XLVI.

### LEON AND CLARA.

1. Leon and Clara were two orphan children, who had lived to the ages of twelve and ten years in the great city of Paris; but when their parents died they were sent to live with their Aunt Hubert, in a little village a short distance from the city.

2. Aunt Hubert soon found that these city children knew very little of the world that was outside of Paris, and that they were, indeed, very ignorant of many of the most common things of every-day life.

3. So the very first holiday<sup>a</sup> after they went to live with her, she took them to the farm from which she obtained her butter, eggs, and milk, that they might see how people live in the country; for

it was a saying of Aunt Hubert, that "seeing is believing."

4. On their return home that very evening, the good results<sup>b</sup> of this their first visit to the country, were very evident.<sup>c</sup> It seemed that they would never tire of talking about what they had seen, and what they had done.

5. Leon had tried his hand at the plow, under the direction of the farmer: he had seen the corn growing in the field, and had plucked some of the ears for roasting: Clara had taken her first lesson in milking; and both had seen the process<sup>d</sup> of stacking wheat, and threshing oats.

6. Leon had fed the little pigs that were in the pen: Clara had fed the chickens three times; and both of the children had been delighted in hunting hen's nests. As fond of hot rolls and butter as they were, they had never before known how bread is made; and they were surprised to find that butter is obtained by stirring or churning cream.

7. Their first visit to the country was a day of wonders to these children; and Aunt Hubert succeeded in making them feel the importance of the knowledge which they had gained, by telling them the following story about the little Marquis Nihil, and his sister Letta.

<sup>a</sup> HOL'-I-DAY, day of amusement; festival  
<sup>b</sup> RE-SULTS', effects. | <sup>c</sup> EV'-I-DENT, plain; clear to be seen.  
<sup>d</sup> PRÖ'-CESS, mode; manner.

[LESSON XLVI. is designed to show how ignorant those people, who have always lived in a city, may be of the most common matters of country life, with many of which they ought to be acquainted. They can not be well-informed of these things without they learn them by actual observation.]

## LESSON XLVII.

## THE LITTLE MARQUIS AND HIS SISTER.

*I. Their First Visit to the Country.*

1. The little Marquis Nihil, and his sister Letta, were educated in the city of Paris, in princely style; for the lad had a fencing-master, who came every day to teach him the sword exercise; and his sis-

ter was taught to embroider:<sup>a</sup> both of them took lessons in drawing, painting, and dancing; and when they should be perfect in these, it was thought their education would be complete.<sup>b</sup>

2. When the Marquis was fifteen years old, and his sister twelve, they went to reside<sup>c</sup> a short distance from Paris, at the castle of their uncle, for they were orphans.<sup>d</sup>

3. As this was the first time they had ever been in the country, their eyes opened with wonder at nearly every thing they saw. They were very much surprised to see the roads unpaved;<sup>e</sup> fields in which other things besides tulips were growing; sheep that were not led by rose-colored ribbons; and birds that were not confined in cages!

4. But how much were they astonished, when, on arriving at their uncle's, they learned that before French rolls can be made, wheat must grow, and be

ground; that before we can have milk, cows must have grass; and that wine does not run from the vine on the turning of a key, as it does from the cask!

5. Both of these young people—the Marquis, who thought himself almost a man, and his sister, who thought herself quite a lady—wandered, in great amazement, over large fields that were not enclosed<sup>f</sup> by iron fences, and along a lovely river, where there were neither shops, nor wharves for shipping.

<sup>a</sup> EM-BROID'-ER, adorn with ornamental needle-work.

<sup>b</sup> COM-PLATE', finished.

<sup>c</sup> RE-SIDE', dwell; sojourn.

<sup>d</sup> OR'-PHANS, without father or mother.

<sup>e</sup> UN-PAVED', not covered with stones.

<sup>f</sup> EN-CLOSED', surrounded.

## II. *Their Adventures on the River.*



the little Marquis had once crossed the river at Paris in a similar boat, he at once jumped in; and his sister, out of respect for her brother, followed.

2. But the skiff had not been securely fastened: the shock of their jumping in had loosed the rope, and behold! they were soon borne,<sup>b</sup> by the current, down the river! What then was to be done!

1. One morning, as they were chatting, and sauntering along, they came to a small creek, in which lay a little green boat, the bow<sup>a</sup> of which was in the form of a swan's head and neck. As

3. Great was the fright of the Marquis Nihil, and his sister Letta. The latter began to cry, as she always did when any thing happened that did not please her: but the Marquis, trying to be brave, laid his hand on his sword, as he had been told every gentleman should do, when at all vexed,<sup>c</sup> or in any danger.

4. But the Marquis soon found that drawing his sword did not prevent the boat from being carried onward by the stream: so, letting go his sword, he seized an oar. But although he knew all the movements of the sword exercise, and could dance almost to perfection, he did not know which end of the oar to handle.

5. All his efforts at guiding the boat were useless, and he only succeeded in turning it quite round two or three times, and forcing it into the middle of the stream, which carried them on so rapidly, that, as the river continued to widen, they soon lost all hope of assistance<sup>d</sup> from either bank.

6. The Marquis now threw down the oar in despair, and seated himself in the bow of the boat; while his little sister, seated in the stern, continued to cry, for want of something better to do. At last they floated down to an island in the middle of the stream, when the boat, becoming entangled among the rushes, ran aground, and both leaped out, highly delighted at their escape from the river.

<sup>a</sup> BÖW, the forward end.  
<sup>b</sup> BÖRNE, carried.

<sup>c</sup> VEXED, made angry; provoked.  
<sup>d</sup> AS-SIST'-ANCE, aid; help.

*III. Their Adventures on the Island.*

1. After the two castaways had fastened the rope to a tree, they started off to see what kind of a country they were in, hoping to find a post-office where they could write, and from which they could send a letter to their uncle, requesting<sup>a</sup> him to come to their aid. But they went entirely around the island, without meeting with any thing but flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, fowls contentedly seeking their food, and a deserted<sup>b</sup> house.

2. They were now convinced that they had been cast upon a desert<sup>c</sup> island, similar to those visited by Captain Cook, or that on which Robinson Crusoe had been cast away; and this greatly alarmed the little lady: but her brother showed more courage, and told his sister not to cry, for he hoped, as he was a marquis, that all would yet be well with them.

3. "You must not despair, my sister," he said gravely, "for I think, if we have patience and industry, we may find something to live upon. These cows ought to produce<sup>d</sup> milk in abundance; and probably the fowls of this island lay eggs, somewhat in the manner of those of more civilized countries."

4. "I also observed, in that forsaken hut, a sack of that white flour, with which our uncle's house-keeper pretends bread can be made. So come; let us see what we can do with these miserable materials; and as our servants are left at the castle, we must not hesitate about helping ourselves."

5. They wisely agreed that this was the best thing to be done: but when they attempted<sup>e</sup> to carry out their plan, they met with a few difficulties. They found that they could not get the milk without first milking the cows; and neither knew how to set about it. Besides, the great horned beasts completely frightened them!



6. However, the young Marquis found his courage increase with the occasion<sup>f</sup> for it; and, resolutely<sup>g</sup> drawing his sword, he advanced toward the nearest cow, threatening her with instant death unless she then and there

delivered<sup>h</sup> up her milk! But at this the cow turned upon him such a gentle look of wonder, that he put up his sword in despair. He was not any more fortunate<sup>i</sup> with the fowls, who fled on his approach, with a loud cackling noise.

7. In the mean time Letta, who had gone to the house, wandered over it in a very unhappy state of mind. She had, indeed, found the bag of flour;

but she had not the least idea how flour was to be made into bread. She saw a large side of bacon hanging in the chimney, and wondered what it could be. The fire, too, had gone out; and she knew no way of relighting it, as she had always called upon her maid Catherine to do such things.

8. And thus hours ran by, and the unhappy ones began to think they should perish with hunger. The face of the little Marquis became very sad, and his sister began again to cry. At last, as evening drew near, they both left the house, and began anew their search for something to eat.

9. They saw plenty of hazel and chestnut trees bearing their fruit, but the chestnuts were hidden in their prickly burs, and the nuts in their green husks, so that they did not know the fruit which they had seen only on the table in the city. All they could find to eat were a few miserable wild cherries.



10. They had just completed this poor repast,<sup>k</sup> when, hearing a noise, they turned round, and were joyfully surprised to behold a party of men and women who had just landed from a boat near by. They proved to be the farmers of the island, who had been spending the day in the fields on the other side of the river, making hay.

11. As Nihil related his adventures, not all the respect they felt for a marquis could restrain their hearty laughter. They could not well understand why any one should be so ignorant of the most common things; and they perhaps felt a little pride in their own superior knowledge.

12. However, these good people soon made up for their lack of reverence, by conducting the brother and sister to the house, where the good wife prepared for them an excellent meal, made up solely from the flour, and the bacon, and the fruits of the island; thus proving, that, *unless we know how to make use of the means within our reach, we might as well be without them.*

13. This little story, told by Aunt Hubert, led Leon and Clara to desire to see and understand every thing that passed around them; and they determined, if they should ever find themselves in the situation of the little French Marquis and his sister, they would at least know better how to help themselves.

14. They were not satisfied until they had seen all the different kinds of farm labor; and what they did not understand, they were glad to have explained to them. They were, indeed, all the time asking questions: but this, Aunt Hubert said, is the way children learn. She told them they might ask all the questions they chose, and she would answer as many of them as she could.

<sup>a</sup> RE-QUEST'-ING, asking.

<sup>b</sup> DE-SERT'-ED, forsaken; abandoned.

<sup>c</sup> DES'-ERT, not inhabited.

<sup>d</sup> PRO-DUCE', give; yield.

<sup>e</sup> AT-TEMPT'-ED, tried; endeavored.

<sup>f</sup> OC-CA'-SION, opportunity; necessity.

<sup>g</sup> RES'-O-LUTE-LY, boldly; courageously.

<sup>h</sup> DE-LIV'-ERED, gave; yielded.

<sup>i</sup> FORT'-U-NATE, successful.

<sup>j</sup> BA'-OON, hog's flesh salted and smoked.

<sup>k</sup> RE-PAST', meal; act of eating.

[LESSON XLVII. well illustrates the principles of the preceding lesson. Although the little French Marquis and his sister had been instructed in all the accomplishments that were by some thought necessary to a complete education, yet their ignorance of *common things* must have made them appear very ridiculous in the eyes of intelligent country people. Their education had not been *practical*; and hence they were totally unfitted to take care of themselves. Though in the midst of abundance, they came near perishing of hunger when left to their own resources. Let the resolution of Leon and Clara—"to see and understand every thing that passes around them"—govern all who wish to fit themselves for the business of life.]

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## LESSON XLVIII.

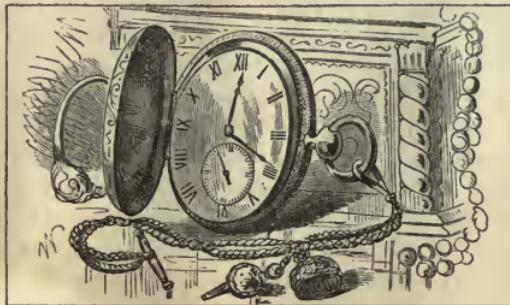
## TIME.



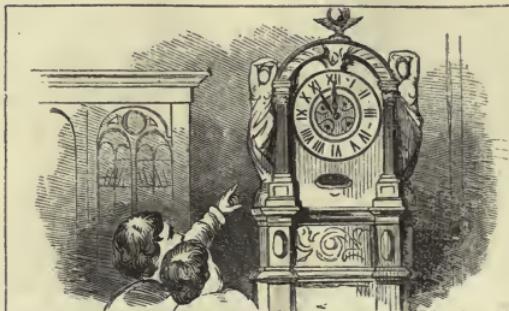
1. The moments fly—a minute's gone';  
The minutes pass—an hour is run';  
The day is fled—the night is here':  
Thus flies a week', a month', a year.



2. A year'! alas, how soon 'tis past'!  
Who knows but this may be our last'!  
A few short years, how quickly fled',  
And we are numbered with the dead.



3. The watch is ticking, ticking,  
    Ticking my minutes away';  
And minutes make up the hours',  
    And hours make up the day.



4. The clock is striking, striking  
    The hours so loud and clear':  
The hours make up the day',  
    And the days make up the year.



5. The bell is tolling, tolling,  
    For one whose day is done':  
To where time is known no longer,  
    That weary soul has gone.



6. And it soon will toll for me' ;  
And then *my* home will be  
Where the *watch ticks* no more',  
And the *clock strikes* no more,  
And there is no more *time* for me.

[LESSON XLVIII. very forcibly pictures the rapid flight of time—from youth to old age—from moments, through minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years; until the tolling bell warns that “there is no more time” for the weary soul that is gone.

*Illustrations.* The first illustration is a picture of the period of Youth. A lad on his way to school—the school-house being seen in the distance—is urged by his companion to turn aside, and spend the day in pleasure. As each one now decides, so, it is probable, will his future life be marked, as one of honor, or of dishonor.

The second picture is that of Youth taking lessons from the experience and wisdom of Age.

The remaining illustrations require no explanation.]

### THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

1. In the school-room while we stay,  
There is work enough to do ;  
Study, study through the day,  
Keep our lessons all in view.
2. There's no time to waste or lose,  
Every moment we should use,  
For the hours are gliding fast ;—  
Soon our school-days will be past.

LESSON XLIX.  
THE FARMER'S LIFE.



1. Here is a country scene—a farmer's home. Here is the plain, low farm-house, only a story<sup>a</sup> and a half high; so unlike the high buildings we see in the city. But why do people in the city build houses so much higher than in the country<sup>b</sup>? Can any one tell<sup>c</sup>? Many of the city houses are four and five stories in height.

2. It is early in spring. The trees and shrubs around the farmer's dwelling are now covered with leaves. Some flowers are growing in earthen pots, which stand on a shelf between the window and the porch,<sup>b</sup> on the sunny side of the house. Two persons, one of whom is a little girl, are standing on the steps at the end of the piazza.<sup>c</sup> A boy is

driving the cows to the pasture, and the dog is going with him. It is a quiet country scene. It is a morning in spring.

3. I like the country. Who does not like its green fields<sup>1</sup>, its waving grain<sup>1</sup>, its golden harvests<sup>1</sup>, its old forests<sup>1</sup> and pleasant groves<sup>1</sup>, its bubbling springs<sup>1</sup> and winding streams<sup>1</sup>, its herds of cattle<sup>1</sup>, its flocks of sheep<sup>1</sup>—and its good honest people too<sup>1</sup>?

4. Has any one more cause to be happy than the farmer<sup>1</sup>? Who has purer air to breathe<sup>1</sup>, purer water to drink<sup>1</sup>, and more wholesome food to eat, than the farmer<sup>1</sup>? Who has more real comforts, and less care than he<sup>1</sup>? Ought not the farmer to be very thankful<sup>1</sup>?

5. The farmer rises early, and goes forth to his work in the field while the dew is still on the grass, and the morning air is fresh and balmy.<sup>d</sup> The birds welcome him with their songs. His eye beams with delight at all he sees; his step is firm and elastic; and the glow of health is on his cheek.

6. Happy the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres<sup>e</sup> bound;

Content to breathe his native air<sup>f</sup>

In his own ground.

7. Whose herds with milk<sup>1</sup>, whose fields<sup>1</sup> with bread<sup>1</sup>,

Whose flocks<sup>1</sup> supply him with attire<sup>g</sup>;

Whose trees<sup>1</sup> in summer yield him shade<sup>1</sup>,

In winter<sup>1</sup>, fire<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> STO'-BY, the height of one room.

<sup>b</sup> PÖRCH, entrance to a house; portico.

<sup>c</sup> PI-AZ'-ZA, a covered walk or portico.

<sup>d</sup> BÄLM'-Y, fragrant; sweet.

<sup>e</sup> "PA-TER'-NAL ACRES," land left by one's father.

<sup>f</sup> "NA'-TIVE AIR," the air of his birth- [place.]

<sup>g</sup> AT-TIRE', clothing.

[LESSON XLIX. is the beginning of a series of lessons on "The Farmer's Life," illustrated by a picture of a farmer's home. The farmer is rep-

resented as leading a quiet, healthy, and happy life, for which he has cause to be very thankful. For the benefit of the pupils, let the teacher give a *more free* reading of the seventh verse. Thus: "Whose herds supply him with milk, whose fields supply him with bread, whose flocks supply him with clothing," etc.]

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## LESSON L.

### THE FARMER IN SPRING.



Making Maple Sugar.

1. Maple sugar is made from the sap of the tree known as the sugar-maple; but muscovado sugar is made from the juice of the sugar-cane. In some parts of the country, where the sugar-maple-tree grows, the farmer's first work in the spring is the making of maple sugar. It is only in the spring, when the frost begins to leave the ground, that the sap can be obtained, as it then rises from the roots of the trees, and ascends<sup>a</sup> to the buds and leaves.

2. The following is the manner<sup>b</sup> in which the sap is obtained. A hole, about an inch deep, is bored into the tree, with an auger; and a tube, sometimes made of the wood of the elder, or of the sumach, or perhaps of pine, is then driven in. Through this tube the sap flows<sup>a</sup>, sometimes in slow drops<sup>a</sup>, and sometimes in almost a running stream<sup>a</sup>.

3. The sap is caught in troughs,<sup>c</sup> or in wooden buckets, as we see in the picture. A pailful a day is sometimes obtained from a single tree. The sap is carried to the sugar-house, where some of it is boiled down into a thick sirup, or molasses; and some of it is boiled until it becomes sugar.

4. At the head of this lesson we see a picture of the farmer's sugar-house, which is a rude cabin in the woods, where the maple-trees are abundant.<sup>d</sup> The farmer and his sons are going around to the trees and gathering the sap, which they take to the cabin, where it is poured into a large vat, or into a cistern, ready to be drawn off into the boiler as it may be needed.

<sup>a</sup> AS-GEND'S, goes up.

<sup>b</sup> MAN'-NER, way; mode; method.

<sup>c</sup> TROUGH (*trawf*), a long hollow vessel.

<sup>d</sup> A-BUN'-DANT, plentiful.

[LESSON L. represents the farmer in spring. The making of maple sugar is described, and illustrated.]

### THE PEARL OF TRUTH.

Priceless gem<sup>a</sup>! the pearl of TRUTH<sup>a</sup>!  
Brightest ornament of youth<sup>a</sup>!  
Seek to wear it in thy crown;  
Then, if all the world should frown,  
Thou hast won a glorious prize,  
That will guide thee to the skies.

## LESSON LI.

SPRING IS COMING.



1. "Lo! the winter is past', the rain is over and gone';  
The flowers appear on the earth';  
The time of the singing of birds is come',  
And the voice of the turtle\* is heard in the land."

*Song of Solomon.*

2. Spring is coming! spring is coming!  
Birds are chirping, insects humming;  
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping;  
Streams, escaped from winter's keeping,  
In delighted freedom rushing,  
Dance along in music gushing.
3. The pleasant spring is here again;  
Its voice is in the trees;  
It smiles from every sunny glen,  
It whispers in the breeze.

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\* The *turtle-dove* is here referred to. See Fourth Reader, page 144.

4. All is beauty, all is mirth,  
   All is glory on the earth.  
 • Shout we, then, with nature's voice,  
   Welcome, spring! Rejoice, rejoice!

[LESSON LI. In an extract from the *Song of Solomon*, the coming of spring is described. Then follows an exultation, or transport of joy, on the coming of spring, which is represented as heralded by the birds, insects, flowers, streams, etc. All nature rejoices.]

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## LESSON LII.

### THE FARMER IN SPRING—*Continued.*



Plowing, Planting, and Sowing.

“He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread.”—*Prov.*, xii., 11.

1. Here is another picture of the farmer at his work, in the spring of the year. After the ground has become dry, the farmer plows his fields for the spring crops, and thus prepares the soil for the

seed. He sows spring wheat, and rye, and oats, and barley, and other kinds of grain.

2. Sometimes he uses a machine called a drill,



The Drill.

which is drawn by horses, and which not only drops the seeds in rows, but covers them also. Sometimes he scatters the seeds broadcast,<sup>a</sup> and then covers them by the use of a drag, or harrow, which is drawn over the land.

3. With the hoe he plants corn', and potatoes', and cucumbers', and melons', and the seeds of many other vegetables', some of which grow in the fields', and some in the garden'. Much of his time in the spring is occupied in hoeing these vegetables.

4. He also plows some of his fields, in which he intends to sow wheat and rye in the fall of the year. These fields are called *summer-fallows*, because they are left *fallow*, or unsown, during the summer. But the farmer must leave some pasture<sup>b</sup> for his cattle, and his sheep, and his horses, and also meadow-land for hay.

5. In the Southern States, the planter, or farmer, raises rice on the marshy<sup>c</sup> lands of the sea-coast. Large quantities of maize, or Indian corn, are also raised at the South; but *cotton*, and *sugar* made from the sugar-cane, are the most important prod-

ucts<sup>d</sup> of the Southern planter. A large farm at the South is called a *plantation*.

<sup>a</sup> BROAD-CÄST', thrown at large, by the hand.      <sup>c</sup> MARSH'-Y, wet; covered with water.  
<sup>b</sup> PAST'-URE, grass for cattle; land used [for grazing.      <sup>d</sup> PROD'-UCTS, productions; things produced by the land.

[LESSON LII. is a continuation of the description of the farmer's life in spring. It is now the season of plowing, planting, and sowing, for the spring crops. The different seeds planted and sown are mentioned.]

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### LESSON LIII.

#### LABOR.

[The falling inflections in this lesson are good illustrations of RULE IV.]

##### 1. Labor, labor—honest labor—

Labor keeps me well and strong';  
 Labor gives me food and raiment',<sup>a</sup>  
 Labor, too, inspires<sup>b</sup> my song'.

##### 2. Labor keeps me ever merry';

Cheerful labor is but play':  
 Labor wrestles<sup>c</sup> with my sorrow';  
 Labor driveth tears away'.

##### 3. Labor makes me greet<sup>d</sup> the morning .

In the glorious hour of dawn',  
 And I see the hills and valleys'  
 Put their golden garments on'.

##### 4. Labor curtains<sup>e</sup> night with gladness',

Giveth rest' and happy dreams';  
 And the sleep that follows labor'  
 With the sweetest pleasure teems'.<sup>f</sup>

##### 5. Labor brings me all I need';

While I work' I need not borrow';  
 Hands are toiling for to-day',  
 Mind is working for to-morrow'.

##### 6. Labor's tools make sweetest music,

As their busy echoes ring';  
 Loom, and wheel, and anvil, ever'  
 Have a merry song to sing'.

7. Labor, labor'! ne'er be idle';  
 Labor, labor while you can';  
 'Tis the Iron Age of Labor';  
 Labor only makes the man!

<sup>a</sup> RAI'-MENT, clothing.

<sup>b</sup> IN-SPIRES', fills with poetic thoughts.

<sup>c</sup> WRES'-TLES (*res'-lz*), strives; contends.

<sup>d</sup> GREET, salute; hail with joy.

<sup>e</sup> CUR'-TAINS, encloses, as with curtains.

<sup>f</sup> TEEMS, abounds.

[LESSON LIII. is an earnest commendation of LABOR, on account of the rewards which it brings. These are health and strength, food and raiment, cheerful occupation, pleasant sleep, happy dreams, etc.]

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## LESSON LIV.

### THE CHESTNUT-BUR.

1. One fine pleasant morning, in the fall of the year, as the master was walking along toward school, he saw three or four boys under a large chestnut-tree, gathering<sup>a</sup> chestnuts.

2. One of the boys was sitting upon the ground, trying to open some chestnut-burs, which he had knocked from the tree. The burs were green, and he was trying to open them by pounding them with a stone.

3. He was a very impatient<sup>b</sup> boy, and was scolding, in a loud, angry tone, against the burs. He did not see, he said, what in the world chestnuts were made to grow so for. They ought to grow right out in the open air, like apples, and not have such vile<sup>c</sup> porcupine skins on them—just to plague the boys.

4. So saying, he struck with all his might a fine large bur, crushed it in pieces, and then jumped up, using at the same time profane<sup>d</sup> and wicked words. As soon as he turned round he saw the master

standing very near him. He felt very much ashamed, and afraid, and hung down his head.

5. "Roger," said the master (for this boy's name was Roger), "can you get me a chestnut-bur?"

Roger looked up for a moment, to see if the master was in earnest, and then began to look around for a bur.

6. A boy who was standing near the tree, with a red cap in his hand full of burs, held out one of them. Roger took the bur and handed it to the master, who quietly put it into his pocket, and walked away.

7. As soon as he was gone, the boy with the red cap said to Roger, "I expected the master would give you a good scolding for talking so."

"The master never scolds," said another boy, who was sitting on a log near by, with a green satchel in his hand; "but you see if he does not remember it." Roger looked as if he did not know what to think about it.

"I wish," said he, "I knew what he is going to do with that bur."

8. That afternoon, when the lessons had all been recited, and it was about time to dismiss the school, the boys put away their books, and the master read a few verses in the Bible, and then offered a prayer, in which he asked God to forgive all the sins which any of them had committed that day, and to take care of them during the night.

9. After this he asked the boys all to sit down. He then took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and laid it on the desk; and afterward he put his

hand into his pocket again, and took out the chestnut-bur.

10. "Boys," said he, "do you know what this is?"

One of the boys in the back seat, said, in a half whisper, "It is nothing but a chestnut-bur."

"Lucy," said the master, to a bright-eyed little girl, near him, "what is this?"

"It is a chestnut-bur, sir," said she.

"Do you know what it is for?"

"I suppose there are chestnuts in it."

"But what is this rough prickly covering for?" Lucy did not know.

11. "Does any body here know?" said the master.

One of the boys said he supposed it was to hold the chestnuts together, and keep them up on the tree.

"But I heard a boy say," replied the master, "that they ought not to be made to grow so. The nut itself, he thought, ought to hang alone on the branches, without any prickly covering—just as apples do."

"But the nuts themselves have no stems to be fastened by," answered the same boy.

12. "That is true; but I suppose this boy thought that God could have made them grow with stems, and that this would have been better than to have them in burs."

After a little pause the master said he would explain to them what the chestnut-bur was for, and wished them all to listen attentively.

"How much of the chestnut is good to eat, William?" asked he, looking at a boy before him.

"Only the meat."

13. "How long does it take the meat to grow?"

"All summer, I suppose, it is growing."

"Yes; it begins early in the summer, and gradually swells and grows until it has become of full size, and is ripe in the fall. Now suppose there were a tree out here near the school-house, and the chestnut meats should grow upon it without any shell or covering; suppose too that they should taste like good ripe chestnuts at first, when they were very small. Do you think they would be safe?"

14. William said, "No! the boys would pick and eat them before they had time to grow."

"Well, what harm would there be in that? Would it not be as well to have the chestnuts early in the summer, as to have them in the fall?"

William hesitated. Another boy, who sat next to him, said:

"There would not be so much meat in the chestnuts, if they were eaten before they had time to grow."

15. "Right," said the master; "but would not the boys know this, and so all agree to let the little chestnuts stay, and not eat them while they were small?"

William said he thought they would not. If the chestnuts were good, he was afraid the boys would pick them off and eat them at any time.

All the rest of the boys in school thought so too

16. "Here then," said the master, "is one reason for having prickles around the chestnuts when they are small. But then it is not necessary to have all chestnuts guarded from boys in this way; a great many of the trees are in the woods, and the boys do not see them. What good do the burs do in these trees?"

17. The boys hesitated.<sup>f</sup> Presently the boy who had the green satchel under the tree with Roger, who was sitting in one corner of the room, said:

"I should think they would keep the squirrels from eating them."

"And besides," continued he, after thinking a moment, "I should suppose, if the meat of the chestnut had no covering, the rain might wet it and make it rot, or the sun might dry and wither it."

18. "Yes," said the master, "these are very good reasons why the nut should be carefully guarded:<sup>g</sup> First, the meats are packed away in a hard brown shell, which the water can not get through. This keeps them dry, and away from dust, and other things which might injure them. Then several nuts, thus protected, grow closely together, inside this green prickly covering, which spreads over them, and guards them from the animals which would eat them, and from the boys. When the chestnut gets its full growth, and is ripe, this covering, you know, splits open, and the nuts drop out."

19. The boys were then all satisfied that it was better that chestnuts should grow in burs.

"But why," asked one of the boys, "do not apples grow so<sup>h</sup>?"

"Can any body answer that question?" asked the master.

The boy with the green satchel said, that apples had a smooth, tight skin, which kept out the wet; but he did not see how they were guarded from animals.

20. The master said it was by their taste. "They are hard and sour before they are full-grown, and so the taste is not pleasant, and nobody wants to eat them—except sometimes a few foolish boys, and these are punished by being made sick. When the apples are full-grown they change their taste, acquire<sup>h</sup> an agreeable flavor,<sup>i</sup> and become mellow: then they can be eaten. Can you tell me of any other fruits which are preserved in this way?"

21. One boy answered, "Strawberries and blackberries;" and another said, "Peaches and pears."

Another boy asked why the peach-stone was not outside the peach, so as to keep the peach from being eaten. But the master said he would explain this another time. Then he dismissed the scholars, after asking Roger to wait until the rest had gone, as he wished to see him alone.—*Mount Vernon Reader.*

<sup>a</sup> GATH'-ER-ING, collecting.  
<sup>b</sup> IM-PA'-TIENT, unquiet; uneasy.  
<sup>c</sup> VILE, mean; ugly; troublesome.  
<sup>d</sup> PRO-FANE', with an oath.  
<sup>e</sup> SATCH'-EL, a little sack, or bag.

<sup>f</sup> HES'-I-TA-TED, paused in doubt.  
<sup>g</sup> GUARD'-ED, protected from injury.  
<sup>h</sup> AC-QUIRE', have; obtain.  
<sup>i</sup> FLA'-VOR, taste; savor.

[LESSON LIV. In the story of "The Chestnut-bur," an impatient, fault-finding boy, who could not see why chestnuts are made to grow in *burs*, is reproved; and good reasons are shown why the chestnut has such a prickly covering. It guards the nut, while the latter is small and unripe: it prevents the rain from wetting it, and the sun from drying it, etc. Why apples, strawberries, blackberries, etc., do not need such protection. The moral to be deduced from the lesson is, that infinite wisdom is shown in all the Creator's works. Let the teacher illustrate, farther.]

## LESSON LV.

## THE FREED BUTTERFLY.



1. Yes, go, little butterfly,  
Fan the warm air  
With your soft silken pinions,<sup>a</sup>  
So brilliant and fair ;  
A poor fluttering<sup>b</sup> prisoner  
No longer you'll be ;  
There ! out of the window !  
You are free—you are free !
  
2. Go, rest on the bosom  
Of some favorite<sup>c</sup> flower ;  
Go, sport in the sunlight  
Your brief little hour ;  
For your day, at the longest,  
Is scarcely a span :<sup>d</sup>  
Then go and enjoy it ;  
Be gay while you can.

3. As for me, I have something  
 More useful to do:  
 I must work, I must learn—  
 Though I play sometimes, too.  
 All *your* days, with the blossoms,  
 Bright thing, you may spend;  
*They* will close with the summer,  
*Mine* never shall end.—T. S. ARTHUR.

<sup>a</sup> PIN'-IONS, wings.

<sup>b</sup> FLUT'-TER-ING, flapping the wings.

<sup>c</sup> FA'-VOR-ITE, preferred; beloved.

<sup>d</sup> SPAN, short space of time.

[LESSON LV. is an address to a butterfly, set free by the maiden who had held it a prisoner. While the butterfly is told to go and enjoy itself, in gayety and pleasure, because its days will end with the blossoms of summer, the maiden reflects that *she* has something "more useful to do," as *her* days will never end. A future life is to be provided for.]

LESSON LVI.  
 THE FARMER IN SUMMER.



Haying Time.

1. In the summer time, when the grass in the meadows has grown to its full height, the farmer

cuts it down with the scythe, or with a machine called a mower, which is drawn by horses. In the picture at the beginning of this lesson, a man may be seen cutting the grass with a mower, and others cutting it with the scythe.

2. When the grass has been dried in the sun, it is called *hay*. The farmer rakes this fresh hay into winrows, sometimes with a hand-rake, but now

more frequently<sup>a</sup> with a rake drawn by a horse, and called a horse-rake. In the little picture in the margin<sup>b</sup> a man is shown raking hay with the horse-rake.



The Horse-rake.

the barn, and piled away on the hay-mow; or it is placed in the open field, in large heaps called *haystacks*. The hay is the food, or fodder, which is given to the cattle, and horses, and sheep, in the winter season, when they can no longer find any green grass in the fields.

4. The haying season is a busy time for the farmer. He knows he must "make hay while the sun shines." When the grass has been cut down, and has become nearly dry, the hay will be much injured if it get wet. So the farmer must watch the clouds; and if they threaten<sup>c</sup> rain, he must hasten<sup>d</sup> to get the hay into the barn.

5. Here is a picture of getting in the hay. Can you describe it? Do you see how dark it is in the far west? Does it look like a storm? Perhaps it is a hail-storm, with thunder and lightning. Did you ever see a hail-storm in haying-time, or in the time of harvest?



A Thunder-storm. Getting in the Hay.

6. How quickly the hay is pitched on the wagon, or cart, by the strong arms of the farmer and his men! And then away go the teams to the barn as fast as they can be driven. Just as the farmer gets his last load into the barn, perhaps a loud and near clap of thunder startles him, and down pours the rain in torrents.

7. Now it may rain—rain—rain; but the farmer cares not. Now he likes to see it rain. How green it makes the pastures, after the long drouth! And the hay stubble in the meadows begins to look

fresh again'! The "rain upon the roof" is now a pleasant sound to the farmer. It would not be quite so pleasant if his hay were in the field.

<sup>a</sup> FRE'-QUENT-LY, often.

<sup>b</sup> MÄR'-GIN, side of the page.

<sup>c</sup> THREAT'-EN, indicate; foreshow.

<sup>d</sup> HÄS'-TEN, hurry.

<sup>e</sup> STABT'LÉ, alarm suddenly.

<sup>f</sup> DROUTH, dryness; want of rain.

[LESSON LVI. The story of the farmer's life is here continued, from LESSON LII. The methods of cutting the grass, and of raking up the hay, are described, and illustrated. A thunder-storm in haying-time is described, and its effects shown in the hurrying of the farmer and his men to secure the hay. The effect of the rain upon the dry pastures, etc.]

## LESSON LVII.

### THE FARMER IN SUMMER—*Continued.*



Harvest Time.

1. After haying, comes the harvest', or gathering in of the wheat', and the rye', the barley', the oats', and the peas', and some other crops'.<sup>a</sup> Here is a picture of a harvest scene.

2. The wheat-harvest is a busy, hurrying time. It is the great event of the year for the farmer in some parts of our Northern States. The farmer must have all his workmen engaged in season, for the harvest must not be delayed.<sup>b</sup>

3. Do you know when the wheat must be gathered? The wheat must be cut down when the stalk or straw turns<sup>c</sup> yellow. Then the kernel, or grain', which before was milky, and light', becomes hard and heavy'; and the head of the wheat, which before stood erect',<sup>d</sup> bends downward with its own weight. Then it is time to begin the harvest.

4. A man cuts the wheat with a *sickle*', or with a farming implement called a *cradle*', or it is cut by a machine called a *reaper*', which is drawn by horses. These different ways of cutting grain are shown in the picture at the head of the lesson.

5. After the wheat has been cut down, it is bound in sheaves or bundles, which are put up in bunches of a dozen or more, called *shocks*, or *stooks*. The bundles then remain in the field until the straw has become thoroughly dried, when they are carried to the barn.

6. Rye, and barley, and oats, are cut and gathered in a similar manner, except that the barley is often mown, like grass, and is not then bound in bundles. Can you tell what use is made of wheat, and rye, and barley, and oats'?

<sup>a</sup> CROPS, farming produce.

<sup>b</sup> DE-LAY'ED, put off; deferred.

<sup>c</sup> TURNS, is becoming.

<sup>d</sup> E-RECT', not leaning; upright.

[LESSON LVII. Harvest-time is here described, and illustrated by a view of the laborers in the harvest-field. The wheat harvest. When the wheat must be gathered. The different methods of cutting the grain, as shown in the picture. How the wheat is secured. Rye, barley, oats, etc.]

## LESSON LVIII.

## GIVE TO THE POOR.

1. Though but a trifle, something give  
To help the poor along:  
'Tis not *how much'*, it is the *will*  
That makes the virtue strong.
2. You have but little'? Never say  
“ ‘Tis of no use to give:”  
A penny, if you give to-day,  
May make the dying live.
3. It is the motive,<sup>a</sup> not the gold,  
Upon the water cast,  
That will return a hundred fold,<sup>b</sup>  
To cheer and bless at last.
4. Then give a trifle cheerfully  
From out thy little store,  
And it will all return to thee  
When thou wilt need it more.

<sup>a</sup> MO'-TIVE, intention.<sup>b</sup> FÖLD, times.

[LESSON LVIII. is a plea for charity to the poor. In what the virtue of giving consists. The plea that we have but little, and that, therefore, it is of “no use to give,” answered. What is the meaning of the third verse? Where, in the Bible, may the following verse be found? “Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.” *How* will what we give return to us?]

## LESSON LIX.

## WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

1. And do you think you are a gentleman'? Why'? Is it because you carry a little dandy cane', smoke cigars', and wear your hat on one side of your head'? Is that the way to be a gentle-

man'? Read the following story, and decide what it is that makes the gentleman.

2. One afternoon, last spring, there had been a sudden gust of wind, and a slight shower of rain. But the clouds soon passed away. The sun shone out brightly, and the rain-drops sparkled like diamonds upon the trees of Boston Common.

3. The Boston boys love the Common; and well they may; for where could they find a more glorious play-ground? During the shower, the boys had taken shelter under the trees: as soon as it was passed, they resumed<sup>a</sup> their amusements.

4. On one of the crossings, or walks, appeared a small, plainly-dressed old woman, with a cane in one hand, and a large green umbrella in the other. She was bent with age and infirmity,<sup>b</sup> and walked slowly.

5. The green umbrella was open, and turned up in the most comical<sup>c</sup> manner. The wind had suddenly reversed<sup>d</sup> it, without the consent or knowledge of the old lady, and she now held it in one hand, like a huge flower with a long stalk.

6. "Hurrah! hurrah!" cried one of the boys, pointing to the umbrella. "Mammoth cabbages for sale! Mammoth cabbages!"

7. The whole rabble of boys joined in the cry, and ran hooting after the poor old woman. She looked at them with grave<sup>e</sup> wonder, and endeavored<sup>f</sup> to hasten her tottering footsteps.

8. They still pursued her, and at length began pelting with pebbles the up-standing umbrella;

some crying "Mammoth cabbages," and others "New-fashioned sun-shades."

9. She turned again, and said, with tears in her eyes, "What have I done, my little lads, that you should thus trouble me?"

10. "It is a shame," said a neatly-dressed, fine-looking boy, who rushed through the crowd to the rescue<sup>g</sup> of the poor old woman.

11. "Madam," said he, "your umbrella was turned by the wind. Will you allow me to close it for you?"

12. "I thank you," she replied. "Then that is what those boys are hooting at! Well, it does look funny," added she, as she looked at the cause of their merriment. The kind-hearted boy endeavored to turn down the umbrella, but it was no easy task; the whalebones seemed obstinately bent on standing upright.

13. The boys now changed the object of their attack, and the pebbles rattled like hail upon the manly fellow who was struggling to relieve the poor woman from her awkward predicament.<sup>h</sup>

14. "You are a mean fellow, to spoil our fun," said they; "but you can't come it: cabbage leaves will grow upward."

15. He, however, at length succeeded, and, closing the troublesome umbrella, handed it to the old woman with a polite bow.

16. "Thank you, thank you, a thousand thanks, sir," said she; "and I should like to know your name, that I may repay you whenever I can find an opportunity."

17. "By no means," replied he. "I am happy to have rendered you this trifling service;" and he walked away.

18. "Well," said she, "whoever you are, your father and mother have reason to be proud of you, for you are a gentleman—a perfect gentleman."

19. And so he was a gentleman; and I wish I could tell you his name, that you may see if my prophecy<sup>1</sup> does not prove true.

20. "Manners make the man," you may often have written in very legible<sup>j</sup> characters in your copy-books. They certainly do go very far toward making the gentleman. But a true gentleman must have a good heart also.

<sup>a</sup> RE-SUMED', began again.

<sup>b</sup> IN-FIRM'-I-TY, feebleness.

<sup>c</sup> COM'-IC-AL, droll; laughable.

<sup>d</sup> RE-VERSED', turned back.

<sup>e</sup> GRAVE, serious.

<sup>f</sup> EN-DEAV'-ORED, tried; attempted.

<sup>g</sup> RES'-CUE, aid; relief; deliverance.

<sup>h</sup> PRE-DIC'-A-MENT, unfortunate condition.

<sup>i</sup> PROPH'-E-CY, declaration of something to come.

<sup>j</sup> LEG'-I-BLE, plain; readable.

[LESSON LIX. very happily illustrates the character of the true gentleman. It was not only *not* gentlemanly for the boys to annoy a poor old woman for sport, but it was cruel, and wicked in them. The boy who braved the derision and resentment of his comrades by going to the rescue of the old lady, *was* a gentleman, not merely because he did a courteous act, but because he did it from kind feelings and good motives. It is impossible for a *bad* man, or a bad boy, to be a gentleman.]

## LESSON LX.

### THE MUSIC OF INSECTS.

1. The evening after we had been talking about the crickets,\* we were all sitting around the table, Aunt Mary knitting, and Lucy and Minnie engaged<sup>a</sup> with their sewing.<sup>b</sup> Willie, having closed his book,

\* See page 95.

had been for some time gazing into the fire, as if in deep thought, when he abruptly<sup>c</sup> broke the silence by turning to Uncle John, and asking, "Uncle John, do not the *katydids* sing'?"

2. Before Uncle John had time to reply, Lucy took it upon herself to answer: "Why, yes', Willie', the katydids sing nearly every summer night'; and all through the pleasant evenings of autumn. Don't you remember that the trees around the house seemed<sup>d</sup> to be full of them'; and that when one called out 'Katy did,' another would sing back 'Katy didn't?' And don't you remember the story about Miss Katy and her lover, which Uncle John read to us one evening, after we had been listening to the song of the katydid'?"

3. "But Uncle John told us the *cricket* does not sing'," said Willie, "but only rubs his *wings* together', to make that chirping noise which we thought was his *song*'. Uncle John', does the katydid make *its* song in the same way'?"

4. "Yes, yes, in just the same way. The katydid is no singer', but only a *fiddler*', just as the *cricket*' is. And, what is strange, it is *Mr.* Katydid that does all the fiddling; but whether *Miss* Katydid does the *dancing*', or not', I don't know'. Willie', did you ever catch a katydid, and examine it'?"

5. "Yes," said Willie, "I caught two of them on a cherry-tree one day last summer. They were about an inch and a half long, of a pale green color, and they looked very much like grasshoppers. Our man Henry told me they were katydids: but I never could catch one in the evening; for, as

soon as I touched the tree on which one was singing—I mean fiddling—it would stop, and I could not find it."

6. "If you had caught the one that plays the tune of 'katydid,' you might have seen, at the base of each outer wing, a hard, glassy portion<sup>e</sup> of the wing, shaped somewhat like a half moon.\* It is by rubbing these together, by a saw-like motion of the wings, that the insect makes the noise you hear."

7. "I suppose, then," said Minnie, "that the lady katydids have to keep silence<sup>c</sup>, and listen to the music of their mates. How hard it must be always to listen, and never to talk or sing at all<sup>d</sup>—or, perhaps I should say, never to *fiddle*<sup>e</sup> at all."

8. "Uncle John," said Lucy, "I am almost sorry you told us how the cricket and the katydid make their songs—no, not *songs*—for a *song* is what is *sung*. It is very puzzling<sup>f</sup> not to know how to speak of the noise which the katydid makes. What shall we call<sup>b</sup> it, Uncle John'?"

9. "I suppose you must *call* it a song, for that is the name which all the writers give to all such noises of insects, however they are made."

10. "Do *all* insects make their noises, or songs, in the same way as the cricket and the katydid'?" asked Willie'.

11. "Not in *exactly* the same way. All the *grass-hoppers* rub their outer wings, or wing-covers, together; but the *locust* rubs the inside of its *thighs* against its wings."

12. "I remember, one time last summer'," said

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\* See the picture of the male katydid, page 137.

Willie, "that I heard a ticking noise in the wall, which sounded just like the ticking of a watch; and some one said it was a little insect that made the noise."

13. "Yes, that was the little insect which has been called the *death-watch*, because ignorant people once thought there would soon be a death in the family where it was heard."

14. "But how does the death-watch *make* that noise? just as regular as the ticking of a watch," said Willie. "And I wonder *why* it makes it," said Lucy. "Can you tell us, Uncle John'?"

15. "We know *how* it makes the noise, for it has often been *seen* doing it. It is by knocking with its jaws against the wood on which it is standing. And this noise, which has frightened so many people, is said to be the call of the insect to its mate."

16. "And, then, there is one of the hawk-moths, that makes a mournful sound by rubbing its sucking-tube, or *pro-bos'-cis*, as it is called, against a hard, glassy surface beneath it. Some ignorant people are alarmed when they hear this noise, for they think it is a funeral hymn for the dead."

17. "I am sure I shall never be frightened at any of the noises which insects make," said Willie. "Nor I," said Lucy, "if I only know it is an insect that makes them."

<sup>a</sup> EN-GÄ'GED', occupied; employed.

<sup>b</sup> SEW'-ING, pronounced *sö'-ing*.

<sup>c</sup> AB-EUPT'-LY, suddenly.

<sup>d</sup> SEEM'ED, appeared.

<sup>e</sup> PÖR'-TION, piece; part.

<sup>f</sup> PUZ'-ZLING, perplexing.

[LESSON LX. is a continuation of the study of insects, from LESSON XLV. The manner in which the katydid makes its music is explained. What is said of the noises made by grasshoppers, locusts, the death-watch, and the hawk-moths. The light of science has dispelled many superstitious fancies.]

LESSON LXI.  
THE KATYDID.



Male Katydid.

Female Katydid.

1. Many pretty little poems have been written about the katydid, and many times the question has been asked of this evening minstrel<sup>a</sup>, "Who is this Katy, about whom you are constantly singing, and what is it that Katy did<sup>b</sup>?" It has been supposed by some that *Miss Katydid* sings the song we hear. Thus, one has written:

2. "Thou art a female<sup>c</sup>, katydid!"

I know it by the trill<sup>b</sup>  
That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
So petulant<sup>c</sup> and shrill."

3. But no<sup>d</sup>! For once, the poet was mistaken; for it is found that *Miss Katydid* has no words in which to express<sup>d</sup> either her joys or her sorrows. The unfortunate creature is dumb!

4. Again, some one pretends that, while he was listening to the katydid's song, he heard the gentle notes of some little unseen fairy, *complaining* of what the katydid sung, but hoping that he would not tell *any thing more*. To this complaint, and request, we may suppose the kind katydid made the following reply:

5. "But never fear' me, gentle one',  
 Nor waste a thought or tear,  
 Lest I should whisper what I heard  
 In any mortale ear.  
 I only sport among the boughs',  
 'And, like a spirit hid',  
 I think on what I saw and heard,  
 And laugh out 'Katydid.'

6. "I sit among the leaves here,  
 When evening zephyrs' sigh',  
 And those that listen to my voice  
 I love to mystify:<sup>g</sup>  
 I never tell them all' I know',  
 Although I'm often bid;  
 I laugh at curiosity,  
 And chirrup<sup>h</sup> 'Katydid.'"

7. So, after all our curiosity, we must still remain ignorant of *what* "Katy did," although the little chirping<sup>i</sup> minstrel says *he* knows. We half suspect, however, that the "Katy" of the song is *Miss Katydid* herself, and that she did just nothing at all, but listen to the evening serenade<sup>j</sup> of her joyful mate.

a MIN'-STREL, a musician; a singer.

b TRILL, a quaver, or shaking of the voice in singing.

c PET'-U-LANT, saucy; pert.

d EX-PRESS', relate; tell.

e MOR'-TAL, human.

f ZEPH'-YR, any soft, gentle breeze.

g MYS'-TI-FY, perplex; puzzle.

h CHIR'-RUP, to chirp, like a cricket.

i CHIRP'-ING, pronounced churp'-ing.

j SER-E-NÄDE', music usually performed at night, and under windows, for the entertainment of ladies.

[LESSON LXI. A fanciful and poetical view is here given of those interesting insects, the katydids. It is a singular fact, that all the musicians among the crickets, the grasshoppers, etc., are, like the feathered minstrels of grove and garden, of the masculine sex.]

## LESSON LXII.

## THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

1. The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies<sup>a</sup> are over all his works.
2. The Lord is gracious,<sup>b</sup> and full of compassion;<sup>c</sup> slow to anger, and of great mercy.
3. The Lord upholdeth<sup>d</sup> all that fall, and raiseth up all those that are bowed down. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.
4. The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord; and thou givest them their meat in due season.
5. Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire<sup>e</sup> of every living thing.
6. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him: he will fulfill the desire of them that fear him: he will also hear their cry, and will save them.
7. The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.
8. As for me, I will call upon the Lord, and he shall save me. Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice.
9. In God have I put my trust;<sup>f</sup> and I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

<sup>a</sup> MER'-CIES, goodness; disposition to treat kindly.

<sup>b</sup> GRÄ'-CIOUS, disposed to forgive; merciful.

<sup>c</sup> COM-PAS'-SION, pity; a desire to relieve those who suffer.

<sup>d</sup> UP-HOLD'-ETH, holds up; supports; keeps from falling.

<sup>e</sup> DE-SIRE', wants; longings.

<sup>f</sup> TRUST, reliance; confidence.

[LESSON LXII. consists of verses selected from the Psalms, in which the

psalmist celebrates the goodness of God; closing with the declaration that in God he will put his trust, and will not fear what man can do unto him. More solemnity of tone and manner is required in reading this, than an ordinary narrative piece. See also Note to LESSON LXX.]

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### LESSON LXIII.

#### COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND.



1. While Edward Jones and George Williams were strapping on their skates, they heard a cry of terror from Henry Lee, who had reached the pond some little time before them. Looking up, they saw Henry struggling in the water. He had broken through the ice, where it was very thin; and as at every attempt he made to get out, the ice broke with the weight of his body, he was in danger of drowning, or of being chilled to death, unless speedy<sup>a</sup> assistance came to him.

2. But what did his two companions, Edward and George, do? Edward was so frightened that he threw off his skates and ran back, screaming, toward home; but George, with more presence<sup>b</sup> of mind and courage, seized a long pole that lay upon the shore, and ran as quickly as possible to the place where Henry was struggling in the water.

3. "Don't be frightened, Henry," he called out; "don't be frightened—I'm coming to help you." At this Henry ceased his violent efforts, and remained quiet until George came up as near as it was prudent to come, and reached out the pole carefully to him.

4. "Now hold on to that," said he, coolly. The poor lad in the water did not wait to be asked twice. With both hands he grasped the pole. Then George lay down at full length, and keeping one hand, for support, on the pole, he crept up so close to the broken place in the ice, that he could grasp one of Henry's hands.

5. "Easy—easy," said he, in a calm, encouraging voice, as Henry caught his arm eagerly, and was in danger of dragging him in also. "Don't struggle so hard," said George; "be a little more quiet, and I will get you out." This gave Henry more confidence;<sup>c</sup> and after this it took but a moment for George to pull the lad out of the water, and get him beyond all danger.

6. The two boys were more than half way home when they met a number of men, whom Edward Jones had alarmed by his cries for help, running at full speed to rescue<sup>d</sup> the drowning lad. They

praised George for his noble conduct ; and this was very pleasant to him, but not half so pleasant as the reflection that he had saved the life of his young playmate.

7. On the evening of the same day, Mr. Jones, the father of Edward, took his son into his room, and when they were alone, said to him, " Why was it, my son, that you did not, like George Williams, go immediately to the aid of Henry Lee, when you saw him struggling in the water ? "

8. " I was so frightened," replied the boy, " that I did not know what I was doing." " And this fright," said his father, " would have cost Henry his life, if there had not been another boy near to save him." Edward looked serious, and his eyes were cast upon the floor. " I'm sorry," he said, " but I could not help it."

9. " Don't say that you could not help it, my son," replied Mr. Jones. " It is the duty of all to overcome such fear, for every one should be brave, and ready to risk even life itself to save others. And now let me tell you what happened when I was a boy.

10. " Two children were playing near a deep spring, that was walled up at the sides. One of them was only four years old; the other was seven. The larger boy's name was Frank. While Frank was playing by himself, he heard a splash, and turning round, he saw that his brother had fallen head foremost into the spring, and was struggling in the water.

11. " Frank was terribly alarmed, and his heart

beat so loud that it seemed to him any one standing near might have heard it. What did he do? Did he run away for help? No. Little as he was, he was thoughtful and brave, and instead of starting off to get some one to come and save his brother, he laid hold of him by the legs, and after a great effort succeeded in dragging the already half-drowned child from the spring.

12. "I must tell you another circumstance that happened to these two brothers. One day they were playing by the side of the deep trough that receives the water from your uncle's mill-race, when the little one slipped off the bank into the rapid current. In an instant the child went sweeping down toward the open mill-gate, through which the water was rushing right down upon the great wheels.

13. "If Frank had hesitated a moment, his little brother would have been lost: but the brave boy sprang at once to the rescue,<sup>f</sup> and leaning down, he caught the child by the clothes, and held on to him eagerly. The water was so far down, and Frank had to stoop so low, that he had not strength to pull his brother out; so he could do nothing but hold on to him, and scream loudly for help.

14. "But the noise of the mill was so great that the millers could not hear his voice, and thus nearly five minutes passed away, and Frank was nearly exhausted,<sup>g</sup> when a man who was going by saw him, and ran down along the mill-race, and rescued the drowning child.

15. "Thus it was that the courage and presence<sup>b</sup>

of mind of Frank had twice saved the life of a brother. Now suppose, Edward, that he had been too much frightened to think or act in a proper manner, as you were to-day—don't you think his little brother would have been killed on the wheels of the mill?"

16. Edward shuddered at the thought. "That brave lad," continued Mr. Jones, "was your uncle Frank; and the brother whose life he saved is now your father." "You', father, you'!" exclaimed Edward, in surprise. "Did Uncle Frank twice save your life'?"

17. "Yes, my son, I fell into the spring; and your uncle, by his promptness to act, saved me from drowning; and I fell into the mill-race, and there his courage and presence of mind saved me a second time. What would have become of me, Edward, if my brother had done as you did to-day'?"

18. Edward's thoughts went back to the mill-pond, where he had seen Henry Lee struggling in the hole in the ice; and he now saw how easily he might have rescued<sup>a</sup> him from his perilous<sup>b</sup> situation, instead of running away, frightened, screaming for others afar off to do what was needed to be done at the moment.

19. He felt, painfully too, that his playfellow would have been drowned, had not George Williams, with true bravery, gone instantly to his aid. His own conduct appeared in a most unfavorable light. It was a moment of self-reproach and mortification:<sup>i</sup> but it was not without its good effects upon Edward, who resolved to act, in the future,

with more presence of mind, in all cases of danger that might occur.

- <sup>a</sup> SPEED'-Y, prompt; ready.
- <sup>b</sup> PRES'-ENCE, calmness; self-control.
- <sup>c</sup> CON'-FI-DENCE, belief that he would be saved.
- <sup>d</sup> RES'-CUE (verb), save; deliver from danger.

- <sup>e</sup> MILL'-RACE, a ditch, or canal, to convey water to a mill.
- <sup>f</sup> RES'-CUE (noun), deliverance from danger. [strength.
- <sup>g</sup> EX-HAUST'-ED, wearied; deprived of
- <sup>h</sup> PER'-IL-OUS, dangerous.
- <sup>i</sup> MOR-TI-FI-CATION, humiliation.

[LESSON LXIII. shows the importance of being calm and brave in time of danger. How George Williams, by his courage and presence of mind, saved the life of his companion, while the frightened Edward Jones ran away. What was said in the conversation between Edward and his father. The incidents mentioned by Mr. Jones. What were Edward's reflections after this conversation. How he resolved to act in future.]

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## LESSON LXIV.

### WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

1. Who is thy neighbor' ?\* He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless;  
Whose aching head, or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.
2. Thy neighbor is the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim;  
Oh, enter then his humble door  
With aid and peace for him.
3. Thy neighbor' ? He who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim;  
With words of ever-cheering hope,  
Go thou and comfort him.
4. Thy neighbor' ? Pass no mourner by;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery;—  
Go share thy lot with him.

[LESSON LXIV., which is in reply to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" is given in illustration of the principle set forth in the tenth chapter of Luke, from the twenty-fifth to the thirty-seventh verse, includ-

\* For the rising inflection here, see Note to RULE III.

sive. Let the pupil read these verses in Luke, after which he will the better appreciate the lesson. It was the *good Samaritan* who was "*neighbor*" unto him that fell among thieves.]

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## LESSON LXV.

### THE USES OF INSECTS.



more spiders' there are in the stable', the less will the horses suffer from the flies'!"

3. "I did not think of that'," said Willie; but, after reflecting<sup>a</sup> a moment, he continued, "But what good do the *flies* do', Uncle John'? And if *they'* do no good', would it not be better if there were neither flies nor spiders'?"

4. "Do you know', Willie', that the fish you like to eat, fatten on the flies that hover over the stream'? And that the poultry, especially ducks and turkeys, and also great numbers of birds, thrive<sup>b</sup> all the better for the caterpillars, grasshoppers, flies, and spiders, which they pick up and eat, as a relish with their ordinary<sup>c</sup> food'?"

1. "I can not see the use of *spiders'*—and of a great many other ugly-looking insects'," said Willie. "And, besides', spiders are very cruel', for they catch flies, and kill them', and suck their blood'."

2. "It seems to me', then'," Uncle John quietly replied, "that the

5. "But what do the *flies* eat?" asked Willie.  
"Do they eat other little insects, not so big as the flies'?"

6. "No. The common house-fly, and some other kinds, have no mouths for eating—only a little tube through which they suck up their food, after first moistening it. Thus they eat sugar, after dissolving it with their saliva.<sup>d</sup>

\* Flies eating sugar, after dissolving it.

the flies are sometimes very troublesome, they are useful in more ways than one. Wherever putrid<sup>e</sup> meats and rotten vegetables are found, there the flies swarm in immense<sup>f</sup> numbers in the warm days of summer, and by feeding on these substances they do much to remove the causes of disease."



The Lady-bird and the Currants.

7. "But, although the flies are sometimes very troublesome, they are useful in more ways than one. Wherever putrid<sup>e</sup> meats and rotten vegetables are found, there the flies swarm in immense<sup>f</sup> numbers in the warm days of summer, and by feeding on these substances they do much to remove the causes of disease."

8. Just then Minnie came in from the garden with a bowl of currants which she had picked for tea. Taking up a stem of the currants on which was a little red-coated and turtle-shaped insect,

Willie remarked<sup>g</sup> that he had seen a great many of them before, but he did not know their names.

9. "This'," said Uncle John, "is a kind of *beetle*', called a *lady-bird*'. And it comes just in the right time to teach us another lesson about the usefulness of insects."

10. "But, Uncle John', are these little bugs good for any thing'? Do they do any good'?" asked Willie.

11. "I don't like to hear them called *bugs*'," said Uncle John. "The lady-birds do not belong to the race of bugs', but to a much more respectable family. They are *beetles*', and are to be classed with the beetles' and the weevils', although these latter, I confess, sometimes do a great deal of damage."<sup>h</sup>

12. "But what are the *lady-birds* good for'?" asked Willie. "That's what puzzles me. Don't they eat the currants', and other kinds of fruit', and the squash vines', and the pumpkin vines', where I have seen so many of them'?"

13. "Not' at all', not' at all'" said Uncle John. "Both the lady-birds, and the little grubs which produce them, feed wholly on the plant-lice which destroy so many of our garden plants and vines. And if the gardener would keep an *army* of these lady-birds', the garden would be all the better for it. They are also a very simple and sure remedy<sup>i</sup> against the plant-lice which are sometimes so destructive to the plants in green-houses."

14. "This is all new to me'," said Minnie; "and the next time these little lady-birds get on my

hands' or dress', I shall not think them so very ugly after all'. I *do* think their colored wings—some red, and some yellow—are really *beautiful*."

15. "Are there many *other* insects that are as useful as the lady-birds, and the flies'?" asked Willie.

16. "What do you think of the *bees*, that make the honey you like so well'?" asked Uncle John.

17. "Yes, Willie'," said Minnie, "we are to have some honey for tea. I think the bee is much more useful than the lady-bird."

18. "And I remember," said Willie, "that in the third chapter of Matthew, which we had for our Bible lesson last Sunday, it is said of John the Baptist, 'his meat was locusts and *wild honey*.' But is the locust, as well as the honey, really good food, Uncle John'?"

19. "I suppose the locust mentioned in Matthew was a kind of grasshopper," said Uncle John, "which is still found in immense numbers in some Eastern countries, and is used there as a common article of food."

20. "Are there any other useful insects'?" asked Willie.

"What do you think of the silk-worm, which makes all the silk that is used in silk dresses, and shawls, and gloves, and many other articles'? Is the silk-worm of any use'?"

21. "But is the silk-worm an *insect*?" asked Willie. "I did not know that *worms*' were called insects'."

22. "The silk-worm," said Uncle John, "is a



Silk-worm, Cocoon, Moth, and Moth's Eggs.

little worms'?"

24. "Yes, all of it. But how many elegant ladies do you suppose ever reflected<sup>j</sup> that their most costly and most beautiful articles of dress are furnished<sup>k</sup> by a mere worm—by a common caterpillar!"

25. "But are there many other useful insects'?" asked Willie.

"I suppose *all* insects have their uses," said Uncle John, "and that our heavenly Father made all of them for wise purposes. But where do you suppose we get the red, and crimson, and scarlet colors, for coloring many of our silk and cotton goods'?"

26. "I'm sure I don't know'," said Willie. But Minnie said that Aunt Mary bought some *coch'-i-néal*<sup>l</sup> at the drug-store, a few days ago, to color a shawl; but what the *coch'-i-néal* was made of, she did not know'.

27. "The *coch'-i-néal*," said Uncle John, "which

caterpillar', which, after spinning its silk', and winding itself up in a little mass of it, called a cocoon', comes out a butterfly, or moth."

23. "I suppose just like the common caterpillar which you told us about," said Willie. "But is all the silk in the world made by such

was long thought to be the seeds of a plant, is a very small red insect<sup>1</sup>, that is obtained in great numbers in Mexico<sup>2</sup>, and in some of the warm countries of South America. It is found feeding on the cactus plant. If you should moisten some of the dry coch'-i-néal in vinegar<sup>3</sup>, you might perhaps see the ringlets of the insect's body, and also its little feet.



Cactus Plant and Cochineal Insects.

28. "But here I can show you a picture of the cactus plant on which the coch'-i-néal feeds, and also a picture of two of the insects, although both are here made much larger than they are in nature. The male insect is seen on the left, and the female on the right. It is the female insect—ugly-

looking as it is here—which is so much prized<sup>m</sup> for the beauty of its color."

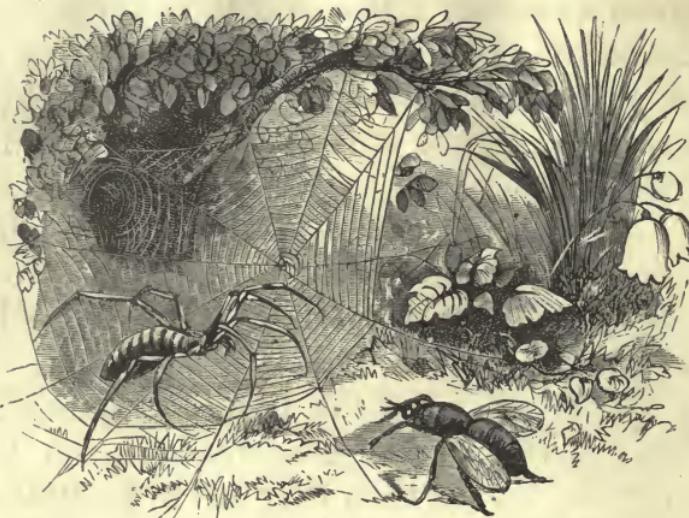
29. "How strange<sup>1</sup>?" said Lucy. "I wonder how many people know that coch'-i-néal is only a dried insect<sup>1</sup>! Poor little creatures! I wonder how many of you it would take to weigh a pound!"

<sup>1</sup> RE-FLECT'-ING, thinking; considering.  
<sup>2</sup> THRIVE, grow fat.  
<sup>3</sup> OR'-DI-NA-RY, usual; customary.  
<sup>d</sup> SA-LÍ'-VA, spittle.  
<sup>e</sup> PU'-TRID, decaying; rotten.  
<sup>f</sup> IM-MENSE', very great.  
<sup>g</sup> RE-MARK'ED, said.

<sup>h</sup> DAM'-AGE, injury.  
<sup>i</sup> REM'-E-DY, cure.  
<sup>j</sup> RE-FLECT'-ED, considered.  
<sup>k</sup> FUR'-NISHED, supplied.  
<sup>l</sup> Pronounced *kōtch'-in-ēl*.  
<sup>m</sup> PRIZED, valued.

[LESSON LXV. explains some of the uses of insects. What is said of spiders; of caterpillars, grasshoppers, flies, etc. How flies eat sugar. One of the important uses of flies. What is said of the lady-birds—what they eat, etc. Bees and locusts. The silk-worm. Cochineal.]

## LESSON LXVI.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.—*A Fable.*

1. "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly;  
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy';<sup>a</sup>  
 The way into my parlor is up a winding stair;  
 And I've many curious things to show when you are there'."
- "Oh, no, no," said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain;  
 For who goes up *your* winding stair, can ne'er come down again."
2. "I'm sure you must be weary', dear', with soaring<sup>b</sup> up so high';  
 Will you rest upon my little bed'?" said the Spider to the Fly.  
 "There are pretty curtains drawn around'; the sheets are fine and thin';  
 And if you like to rest a while', I'll snugly tuck you in'."  
 "Oh, no, no," said the little Fly; "for I've often heard it said,  
 They never, never wake again, who sleep upon *your* bed."

3. Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend', what can I do

To prove the warm affection<sup>c</sup> I've always felt for you' ?  
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice ;  
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice'?"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly ; "kind sir, that can not be :

I've *heard* what's in your pantry' ; and I do not wish to see!"

4. "Sweet creature'," said the Spider, "you're witty' and you're wise' ;

How handsome are your gauzy<sup>d</sup> wings' ! how brilliant are your eyes' !

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf ;  
If you'll step in one moment', dear', you shall behold' yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say ;

And bidding you good-morning now', I'll call another day."

5. The spider turned him round about, and went into his den ;

For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again :

So he wove a subtle<sup>e</sup> web, in a little corner sly,  
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

6. Then to his door he came again, and merrily did sing,

"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly', with the pearl and silver wing' ;

Your robes are green and purple' ; there's a crest upon your head' ;

*Your*' eyes' are like the diamond bright' ; but *mine*' are dull as lead'!"

7. Alas ! alas' ! how very soon' this silly little fly,

Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by' !

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue—  
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing'!  
At last,  
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast!  
He dragged her up his winding stair'; into his dismal<sup>f</sup> den';  
Within his little parlor'; but she ne'er came out again!

8. And now, dear little children', who may this story read',  
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;  
Unto an evil counselor,<sup>g</sup> close heart, and ear, and eye,  
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

<sup>a</sup> SPY, see.<sup>b</sup> SOAR'-ING, flying aloft.<sup>c</sup> AF-FEC'-TION, love; good-will.<sup>d</sup> GAUZ'-Y, like gauze; thin as gauze.<sup>e</sup> SUBT'LE (*süt'lē*), artful; cunning.<sup>f</sup> DIS'-MAL, dark; gloomy.<sup>g</sup> COUN'-SEL-OR, one who gives advice.

[LESSON LXVI. This fable very forcibly depicts the well-known cunning of the spider, and the simplicity of the silly fly. The result furnishes a useful moral. Words of flattery and falsehood, though repelled at first, by being often repeated at length exert their baneful influence upon the vain and weak-minded. Thus, in the first, second, and third verses, the fly, knowing the treachery of the spider, repels all his blandishments; but, in the fourth verse, begins to yield, and promises to "call another day." The artful spider then felt sure of his victim; and the result proved that he had not misjudged the effects of his "flattering words."

Observe the circumflex accent on "your," last line of first and second verses; and on "your," and "mine," last line of sixth verse.]

## LESSON LXVII.

### KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

1. "Keep to the right'," as the law directs',<sup>a</sup>  
For such is the rule<sup>b</sup> of the road':  
*Keep to the right*, whoever expects  
Securely to carry life's load.
2. Keep to the right, with God and his Word';  
Nor wander',<sup>c</sup> though folly allure':<sup>d</sup>  
*Keep to the right*, nor ever be turned  
From what's faithful', and holy', and pure'.

3. Keep to the right, within and without',  
With stranger', and kindred', and friend':  
*Keep to the right'*, and you need have no doubt  
That all will be well in the end.
4. *Keep to the right* in whatever you do',  
Nor claim but your own on the way':  
*Keep to the right*, and hold on to the true,  
From the morn to the close of life's day.

<sup>a</sup> DI-RECTS', orders; commands.  
<sup>b</sup> RULE, law.

<sup>c</sup> WAN'-DER, go astray.  
<sup>d</sup> AL-LURE', attempt to lead astray. •

[LESSON LXVII. It is a well-known law of the road, that each one shall "keep to the *right*"—that is, in the direction of his *right hand*—in passing another. The same phrase, or sentence, is here appropriately used, but with a different meaning, to enforce a principle of *God's law*—that of doing what is *morally* "right" on all occasions.]

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## LESSON LXVIII.

### THE GOLD SOVEREIGN.

1. "When I was in my eighth year," said Judge N—, "my father and mother being poor, with a large family of children to support,<sup>a</sup> I was bound out to a farmer by the name of Webb, in whose service<sup>b</sup> I was to remain<sup>c</sup> until I should reach the age of twenty-one years.

2. "I can not say that I had a very easy time in Farmer Webb's service; for although he was an honest deacon, and a kind man in his family, he did not believe in allowing<sup>d</sup> boys to be idle: so I had plenty of work to do, and very little time for play.

3. "Money was not very plenty in those days; and I had lived with Deacon Webb three years before I had handled any coin except a few copper

pennies. By the following accident I learned the color of gold.

4. "One Saturday night Deacon Webb sent me to the village on an errand. While on my return, just about dusk, I noticed<sup>e</sup> a little package of brown paper lying in the road. I picked it up, tore open the folds; and finding nothing, was on the point of throwing away the useless paper, when something dropped out, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

5. "Stooping down, I saw, with surprise, what appeared to be a piece of money; but it was such as I had never seen before. It was yellow, round, too bright and too small for a penny. I took it up; I turned it over; I squeezed it in my fingers. Something whispered to me that it was a gold coin of great value.

6. "Trembling with excitement,<sup>f</sup> I put it into my pocket. But I could not let it stay there. Every few minutes I took it out to look at it; but when I met any one, I was careful to put it out of sight.

"Yet I felt a guilty dread<sup>g</sup> of finding its owner. I tried to persuade myself, if I found no owner, that the coin was honestly mine by right of discovery; and why should I go about the streets crying, 'Who has lost a piece of money'?"

8. "On reaching home, I hurried off to bed as soon as possible. I would not have any one know what I had found for the world. I was troubled with the fear of losing my treasure. But this was not all. It seemed<sup>h</sup> to me that my face betrayed<sup>i</sup>

the secret. I could not look at any body with an honest eye.

9. "These troubles kept me awake half the night. On the following morning I was feverish and nervous. When Deacon Webb, at the breakfast-table, said, 'William!' I started, and trembled, thinking the next words would be, 'Where is that piece of gold you found, and wickedly concealed to keep it from the rightful owner?' But he only said, 'I want you to go to Job Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow?'

10. "I felt relieved. I left the house, and was soon out of sight. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauty. Yet I was unhappy. My conscience troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the money. 'Would I not be called a thief if discovered?' I asked myself. 'Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount from the owner's pocket?'

11. "'But,' I said to myself, 'if I do not know who the loser is, how can I give him back his money?' It is only because I am afraid Deacon Webb will take it from me that I conceal it; that is all. I certainly would not *steal* it; and if the owner should ask me for it, I would give it to him.'

12. "Thus I reasoned with myself all the way to Mr. Baldwin's; but, after all, it would not do. I could not satisfy myself that I had done right; and the more I thought of it, the worse I felt. The

gold in my pocket was like a mill-stone around my neck."

- a SUP'-PORT', maintain; take care of.
- b SEEV'-ICE, employment.
- c RE-MAIN', continue.
- d AL-LOW'-ING, permitting.
- e NO'-TICED, observed.

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| f | EX-CITE'-MENT, agitation.            |
| g | DREAD, apprehension; fear.           |
| h | SEEM'ED, appeared.                   |
| i | BE-TRAY'ED, made known.              |
| j | RE-LIEV'ED, freed from apprehension. |

## LESSON LXIX.

### THE GOLD SOVEREIGN—*Continued.*

1. "Mr. Baldwin was not at home, and I returned<sup>a</sup> to the deacon's house. I saw Mr. Wardly's horse standing at the gate, and I was terribly<sup>b</sup> frightened. Mr. Wardly was a constable, and I thought he had come to take me to jail; so I hid in the garden until he went away. Then I went into the house.

2. "Deacon Webb looked angry at me. Now, thought I, he is going to accuse<sup>c</sup> me of finding the gold. But he only scolded me for being gone so long. I never before received a reprimand<sup>d</sup> so willingly. His severe words sounded sweet to me—I had expected something so much more terrible.

3. "I worked all day with the treasure in my pocket; but I stopped so often to see if it was really there, that I wonder Deacon Webb did not suspect<sup>e</sup> something wrong. The possession of the gold troubled me; but the fear of losing it troubled me still more.

4. "I was not happy. I was miserable.<sup>f</sup> I wished, a hundred times, I had not found the gold. I felt it would be a relief to get rid of it; and once I wrapped it in brown paper, just as I had found it, but I had not the courage to throw it away.

I wondered if ill-gotten wealth made every body so miserable.

5. "At night I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's, when I obtained<sup>g</sup> his promise to work for Deacon Webb on the following day. It was already dark when I started for home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never before felt so cowardly. It seemed to me that any body could rob me with a clear conscience, because the gold was not mine. I reached home with trembling, and went trembling to bed.

6. "The next morning Mr. Baldwin came early, and took breakfast with us. He was an honest, poor man, who supported<sup>h</sup> a large family by hard labor. Every body liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and, besides making good wages, he often received presents of meal and flour from those who employed<sup>i</sup> him.

7. "At the breakfast-table something was said about the 'news.' 'I suppose you have heard about my misfortune,'<sup>j</sup> said Mr. Baldwin. 'Your misfortune'? Why, what has happened to you'?' asked the deacon.

8. "'I thought every body had heard of it,' replied Mr. Baldwin. 'The other night, when Mr. Wardly paid me for my work, he gave me a gold piece—a sovereign.'<sup>k</sup>

9. "I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks; but as all eyes were fixed upon Mr. Baldwin, my confusion was not observed.<sup>l</sup>

10. "Mr. Baldwin continued: 'I thought, if I should put the money loose into my pocket, like a

penny, I might lose it. So I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and put it into my coat pocket, where I thought it would be safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin on taking out my handkerchief; and the paper would prevent its making a noise as it fell.

11. "When I reached home I discovered my loss, and went back to look for the money; but somebody must have picked it up."

"Who could be so dishonest as to keep it?" asked the deacon.

"I felt as if I should sink through the floor."

12. "'I don't know,' said Mr. Baldwin, shaking his head sadly. 'I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though I know this—I sadly miss my earnings.'

13. "This was too much for me. The allusion<sup>m</sup> to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved<sup>n</sup> to throw off the weight of guilt which oppressed me, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said, 'Is *this* yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

14. "My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated the question in a louder tone. All eyes were at once turned upon me, and the deacon demanded *when* and *where* I had found the money.

15. "I burst into tears, and confessed every thing. I had expected the deacon would punish me severely; but he patted my head, and said kindly, 'Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest lad, though you have had a narrow escape. Always

be honest, my boy ; and if you do not become rich, you will be happy in having a clear conscience.'

16. "I cried, but it was for joy. I laughed too, I was so happy for having overcome the temptation, and driven the tempter from me. Of what a load was I relieved ! I felt, then, that honesty is the best policy.

17. "As for Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff for a time, and I did. I would not accept the gold; and I never regretted it.

18. "I was the deacon's favorite after this. He was very kind to me, and trusted me in every thing. I was careful not to deceive him. I preserved the strictest candor and truthfulness in all things, and that has made me what I am.

19. "When the deacon died, he willed me five hundred dollars, with which I came here and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many sovereigns. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told ; and all I have to add is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's sovereign."

<sup>a</sup> RE-TURN'ED, went back.

<sup>b</sup> TER'-RI-BLY, very much.

<sup>c</sup> AC-CUSE', charge with.

<sup>d</sup> REP'-RI-MAND, reproof.

<sup>e</sup> SUS-PECT', mistrust.

<sup>f</sup> MIS'-ER-A-BLE, wretched.

<sup>g</sup> OB-TAIN'ED, received.

<sup>h</sup> SUP-PORT'-ED, maintained ; subsisted.

<sup>i</sup> EM-PLOY'ED, hired.

<sup>j</sup> MIS-FORT'-UNE, ill fortune ; calamity.

<sup>k</sup> SÓV'-ER-EIGN, an English coin, of the value of \$4.84 ; a pound sterling.

<sup>l</sup> OB-SERV'ED, noticed.

<sup>m</sup> AL-LU'-SION, reference.

<sup>n</sup> RE-SOLV'ED, determined.

[LESSONS LXVIII. and LXIX. This story of TEMPTATION is a practical illustration of the importance of adhering to the principle set forth in LESSON LXVII.—that of "keeping to the *right*" in all matters of moral conduct. Although the lad who found the money tried hard to persuade himself that it was *right* to keep the secret to himself, and that the coin

was honestly his, yet conscience told him he was doing *wrong*; and he was in a very unhappy state of mind until he restored the lost treasure to its rightful owner. The happiness he then felt was worth more to him than any amount of money obtained dishonestly.]

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## LESSON LXX.

## PRAISE THE LORD.

1. O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
2. I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart. I will be glad, and rejoice in thee. I will sing praises to thy name, O thou most High.
3. I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually<sup>a</sup> be in my mouth. I will sing praises unto his name forevermore.
4. O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness<sup>b</sup> is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth<sup>c</sup> forever. Praise ye the Lord.
5. One generation<sup>d</sup> shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.
6. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.
7. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King. For God is the King of all the earth. Sing, ye, praises unto him.
8. Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: all the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing to thy name.
9. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.
10. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the

Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High.

11. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good ;  
for his mercy endureth<sup>c</sup> forever.

12. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

13. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.

14. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

<sup>a</sup> CON-TIN'-U-AL-LY, constantly.  
<sup>b</sup> KIND'-NESS, goodness.

<sup>c</sup> EN-DÜR'ETH, lasteth ; continueth.  
<sup>d</sup> GEN-ER-A'-TION, the people of one period.

[LESSON LXX., consisting of verses selected from the Psalms, is both an address to the Lord, and an exhortation to praise him. The character of the piece requires, for its appropriate reading, such solemnity of tone, and reverence of manner, as one should *feel* in addressing Deity.]

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### THE BIBLE.

Behold the book whose leaves display  
The truth', the life', the way'.  
The mines of earth no treasure give  
That could this volume buy':  
In teaching me the way to live',  
It teaches how to die'.

*you said given  
for gift*

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### MIND MAKES THE MAN.

There is a simple little truth—  
Dispute it, ye who can—  
'Tis not old age, or lively youth,  
But MIND that makes the man.

LESSON LXXI.  
CATERPILLARS AND BUTTERFLIES.



Caterpillars, Chrysalids, Moths, and Butterflies.

1. "How many caterpillars there are this summer!" said Willie. "What disagreeable, ugly-looking things they are, too! They were not here

last month; but now they are all over the trees, and on the ground, almost as thick as flies. Where did they all *come* from', Uncle John'?"

"They came from little eggs that were laid by the butterflies," said Uncle John.

2. "The butterflies'!<sup>10</sup> Do butterflies lay eggs that hatch out such ugly-looking worms as these caterpillars are'? How very strange that is'! But I have not seen any butterflies since last summer," said Willie.

3. "That is very true; but the butterflies laid the eggs last autumn; and now, when the spring comes on, the warm weather makes them hatch out."

"But what becomes of all the caterpillars every year'? Do they lay eggs which hatch out other caterpillars'?"

4. "Not at all. Many are killed in various ways; but great numbers of them change into the beautiful butterflies which you and Mary admire so much."

5. "That is very curious," said Willie. "It must be very funny for a worm, that has only crept on the ground, to have wings given to it, so that it can fly up into the air. But, Uncle John', did you ever see a caterpillar change into a butterfly'?"

6. "I have often seen it while it was *changing*," said Uncle John; "but it does not change instantly. The caterpillar, after hiding itself away in some quiet place, first throws off its hairy covering, or skin; then it is called a *chrys'-a-lis*,<sup>b</sup> or *chrys'-a-lid*; and in this condition it remains, with little or

no motion, sometimes only a few days, and at other times weeks or months, when it finally comes out a butterfly, with wings. A great many of the flying insects pass through just such changes—having been worms, or grubs, before they were able to fly."

7. "Do you mean to say, Uncle John', that all the flying insects—such as beetles', and flies', and mosquitoes', and grasshoppers', and crickets', and bees', and wasps', and moths', were first *worms* without wings'?"

8. "All that you have named, except crickets and grasshoppers," said Uncle John. "All the beetles', all the thousand kinds of flies, and the mosquitoes'; and all the bees, and wasps, and the butterflies, and the moths, pass through these wonderful changes."

9. "How I should like to see what you call a *chrys'-a-lis'*, Uncle John', change into a *butterfly'!*" said Willie.

"If it were in the spring of the year," said Uncle John, "we could easily find a *chrys'-a-lis*; and then you might watch it, and see this wonderful change: but now, all that could have been found last spring have already changed into butterflies."

10. The summer passed away, and the winter also; and when spring came again, Willie had not forgotten what had been told him about the caterpillars and the butterflies; and one day he asked Uncle John if he thought he could find a *chrys'-a-lis* for him.

11. Uncle John thought he could: and after he

and Willie had searched a while, they found several specimens of a beautiful egg-shaped chrys'-a-lis, of a bright green color, each having on it rows of golden spots. One was hanging, by little silken threads, from the underside of a fence-board, and others were found on the stalks of some coarse grasses.



Two Specimens of  
the Chrysalis.



Cocoon of the Cecropia  
Moth.

12. They also found one, of a different kind, firmly fastened to the stalk of a currant-bush, and wrapped up in a kind of coarse but very firm silken bag called a *co-coon*,<sup>c</sup> which was almost as large as a man's thumb. Here is a picture of the co-coon'.

13. These were brought into the house, and put in a warm place near a window in the garret; and from day to day Willie watched for the butterflies that Uncle John told him would come out of them. And, sure enough'! in a few days, out of the little green chrys'-a-lis there came a butterfly with dark-red wings; and the wings had black veins, and a black border with a row of white spots.



The Berenice Butterfly.

14. Willie was so delighted with his butterfly, that he ran and called Uncle John and Aunt Mary to come and see it. Uncle John told Willie that this

kind of butterfly was long ago named *Berenice*,<sup>d</sup>

after a queen of Syria, who was celebrated for her great beauty.

15. Early the next morning Willie went to examine his large co-coon', when, lo ! he found it was empty ! There was a hole in the lower end of it. On looking up over the window, there was his butterfly, as he called it. And a large and beautiful one it was, too.

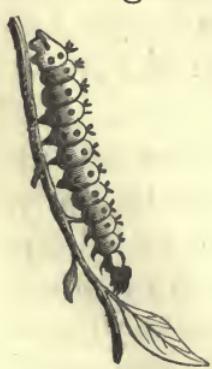


Cecropia Moth.

16. Its four wings, which it could spread out five or six inches, were of a dusky-brown color, with a reddish-white band for a border, and with a large reddish spot near the middle of each wing. Uncle John told him that this insect was not a butterfly, but one of the *night moths*, called the *Ce-cro'-pi-a Moth*.

17. "And now, Willie," said Uncle John, "you must remember that this beautiful butterfly, and this beautiful moth, with their beautiful colored wings, were once *worms*—caterpillars—that crept on the ground ! Long ago a poet wrote about the butterfly—

"' Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept  
On the bare earth, then wrought<sup>e</sup> a tomb,  
and slept.'



The Caterpillar from  
which came the beau-  
tiful Cecropia Moth.

18. "Yes, the caterpillar made for himself a tomb, where he slept through the winter; but in the spring he awoke to a new kind of life ! If some little fairy had changed the worm into a

butterfly, don't you think it would have been wonderful'?"

19. Willie thought this *true* story of the caterpillar and the butterfly quite as wonderful as the story of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper. After this he amused himself in finding other specimens of the chrys-a-lis, and other co-coons, which he hung up in the warm garret of the house, by the window; and soon he had butterflies and moths in abundance. Some were yellow; some were red and orange; some were green, with wings of bronze and gold—perfect little fairies; a few were blue; some were brown; some were black; and some of the moths were white.

20. Uncle John told him their names, and described their habits; and before the summer was over Willie could tell what kinds of butterflies most of the caterpillars that he saw would change into; and when, in the autumn, he found a chrys'-a-lis, or a co-coon', he learned from Uncle John what kind of a butterfly, or moth, would come from it.

21. So fond of the study of these insects did Willie become, that even the crawling caterpillar was no longer disagreeable and ugly-looking to him. "Little worm," said he, "one day you will lay aside your old cloak of a garment, and put on a robe of scarlet and green, with a golden border; and then, flying about the garden and the fields, and sucking honey from the flowers, how happy you will be!"

22. "And one day," said Uncle John, "*we* shall lay aside these *frail'* bodies of ours, like worn-out

garments; but our spirits will rise from the earth, as on wings; and if we have been good here, we shall soar away to a beautiful country beyond the skies, where we shall be forever happy."

<sup>a</sup> DIS-A-GREE'-A-BLE, unpleasant to look at.  
<sup>b</sup> CHRYS'-A-LIS, pronounced *kris'-a-lis*.  
<sup>c</sup> CO-COON', pronounced *ko-koon'*.

<sup>d</sup> BER'-E-NICE, pronounced *Ber'-e-nis*.  
<sup>e</sup> WROUGHT, made; formed.  
<sup>f</sup> FRAIL, weak; liable to decay.

<sup>10</sup> See Note to RULE X.

[LESSON LXXI. The general subject of this lesson, which is treated in a familiar, conversational style, is the *metamorphoses* of insects. The abundance of caterpillars in the early summer suggests the inquiry, "Where did they come from?" It is found that they come from eggs laid by butterflies. When the caterpillar is fully grown, it throws off its hairy covering, and changes to a *chrysalis*, or grub-like insect, which has little or no appearance of life; and the chrysalis, after a little time, changes into a butterfly; and thus, from year to year, this continued round of change goes on. Most other insects pass through similar changes. Chrysalids, cocoon, butterfly, and moth. A pleasant study for children. Willie's address to the caterpillar. The *moral* of the lesson, as contained in Uncle John's remarks.]

## LESSON LXXII.

### THE WORM AND THE BUTTERFLY.

- When first their leaves of tender green  
The budding trees display,<sup>a</sup>  
The caterpillar tribe is seen,  
Like them, in green array:<sup>b</sup>  
Crawling on their little feet,  
All day long they crawl and eat.
- Come again; their meal is done!  
They've gained their proper<sup>c</sup> size,  
And each a slender web has spun,  
In which he sleeping lies,  
Feeling neither joy nor pain:  
Will he ever move again?
- Come once more: the case is torn,  
The sleeper soared<sup>d</sup> on high;  
Through air on downy wings upborne,<sup>e</sup>  
Behold the butterfly!

No more he makes the leaves his prey,<sup>f</sup>  
But gaily flutters all the day.

<sup>a</sup> DIS-PLAY', show; exhibit.  
<sup>b</sup> AR-RAY', dress.  
<sup>c</sup> PROP'-EE, natural.

<sup>d</sup> SOARED, has soared; has mounted up.  
<sup>e</sup> UP-BORNE', lifted up.  
<sup>f</sup> PREY, food.

[LESSON LXXII. is a poetical description of the changes from the caterpillar to the butterfly state. In the first verse, the appearance and habits of the caterpillar in spring are described. In the second verse, the insect is described as spinning its cocoon, or silken case, in which it sleeps until the time comes for it to burst forth—a butterfly! In the third verse, the insect is described as having changed to the butterfly state. It has now no mouth, and can no longer injure vegetation; but, with its long tube-like tongue, it feeds upon the juices of plants and flowers.]

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### LESSON LXXIII.

#### THE HUMMING-BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.—*A Fable.*

1. One day a humming-bird, for the first time, met a butterfly; and, being pleased with the handsome form of the stranger, and the beautiful colors of her wings, made an offer of perpetual<sup>a</sup> friendship.

2. "I can not think of such a thing," was the reply; "for you once spurned<sup>b</sup> me, and called me a stupid *worm*, fit only to be trodden upon."

3. "Surely, that is *impossible*," exclaimed the humming-bird, in real surprise, "for I always had the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you are."

4. "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

<sup>a</sup> PER-PET'-U-AL, lasting; continual. | <sup>b</sup> SPURN'ED, treated with contempt.

[LESSON LXXIII. The fable of the humming-bird and the butterfly is designed to illustrate a useful moral, having many applications in real life.]

## LESSON LXXIV.

## DARE AND DO.

1. Dare to think, though others frown';  
Dare in words your thoughts express';  
Dare to rise, though oft cast down';  
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless'.
2. Dare from custom to depart';  
Dare the priceless pearl possess';  
Dare to wear it next your heart';  
Dare', when others curse', to bless'.
3. Dare forsake what you deem wrong';  
Dare to walk in wisdom's way';  
Dare to give where gifts belong';  
Dare God's precepts to obey'.
4. Do what conscience says is right';  
Do what reason says is best';  
Do with all your mind and might';  
*Do your duty*, and be blest'.

[LESSON LXXIV. This is an exhortation to independence and boldness of character—to dare and do what is *right* on all occasions. For the falling inflection at the close of each line, see RULES IV. and VIII.]

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## A NOBLE BOY.

1. A few years ago a steam-boat sank in the Missouri River, near St. Louis. Among the persons who were swept overboard were a woman, and a boy about twelve years of age.
2. A man on a steamer near by, seeing the boy struggling with the waves, threw him a rope, and called to him to take hold of it. The little fellow replied, "Never mind me, I can swim; save my mother." They were both saved.

## LESSON LXXV.

## BEES AND THEIR DWELLINGS



Hive of Bees.

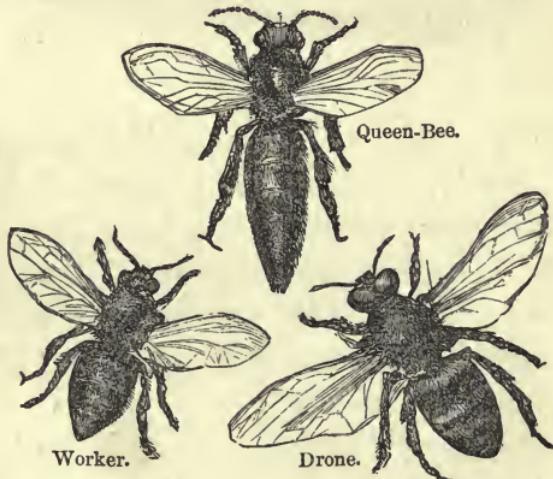
1. A very curious and beautiful palace is the home of the Honey-bee. If you could look into this bee-hive, you might see a long line of dwellings, called cells, framed<sup>a</sup> with the nicest care, row above row! These cells are built of white wax; they are neatly varnished with gum, and filled with provisions for the winter!

2. The home of the honey-bees is built upon a regular plan; and there are paths among the cells, just wide enough for two bees to meet and pass each other. You might think the busy workers were always bustling about in the greatest confusion; yet each knows her own business, and her own proper place. Every thing is done in the strictest<sup>b</sup> order.

3. But who are the inhabitants of this palace—or rather, we might say, of this populous<sup>c</sup> city? for

it contains from ten thousand to thirty thousand living beings!

4. First, there is a large number of *Working-bees*. They are the laborers, who do all the work. They go forth early every fair morning in summer, to fill their bottles with honey,\* and their baskets with pollen.† They build the cells: they gather the wax and the honey; and they take care of the young. These workers are very good judges of the weather, for they are seldom caught in a shower, and they take care to stay at home when there is thunder.



5. Then there is a set of *Drones* in every hive—lazy fellows, who gather no honey. About the middle of summer the working-bees sting the drones to death, and then drag their dead bodies out of the hive. The drones have no stings.

\* Bees swallow the honey which they find in flowers, carry it to the hive, and then empty it from their mouths into the cells.

† Bees have, on their hind legs, little basket-like cavities, in which they gather the *pollen*, or dust of flowers.

6. Every swarm of bees has a *Queen*, who does no work, but who is treated<sup>d</sup> with the greatest respect by the rest of the hive. She is larger than the other bees. She moves in a slow and majestic<sup>e</sup> manner, and is attended by a guard of workers. She lays all the eggs, to the number of many thousands, and is the mother of the whole hive.

7. Two working-bees, of the same hive, may sometimes be seen fighting, when each throws herself upon the other with great fury. They fall to the ground, and wrestle together, each trying to thrust its sting between two ringlets<sup>f</sup> of the body of its rival. If one is thus stung, it soon dies: but if the victor loses her sting in the contest, she, also, soon perishes.

8. Such a battle is sometimes ended in a few minutes: sometimes it continues for hours, before either can give the fatal blow. The bees of different hives often wage deadly war upon one another; and in one of their murderous battles they often "pile the ground with thousands slain," so that a whole swarm is thus sometimes destroyed.

9. There are many kinds of bees, besides the honey-bee. There are the *Humble-bees*—or, as they are often called, the *Bumble-bees*, which are very much like the honey-bees in their habits.

10. There are also the curious *Carder-bees*, who dig, for their home, a hole in the ground, which they cover with a dome<sup>g</sup> of moss. This moss they card into small bundles, before they carry it to their dwelling. They sometimes line the ceiling<sup>h</sup> of their house with wax, to keep out the rain.

11. There are some bees that are real robbers. These are called *Cuckoo-bees*, because, like the cuckoo, they make no nests of their own, but lay their eggs in the cells of their more industrious neighbors.

12. Other kinds of bees are the *Mason-bees*, which build their dwellings of sand and cement, the *Carpenter-bees*, and the *Mining-bees*. The latter bore holes in sunny banks, to the depth of six or eight inches, where they form a smooth chamber, and there lay their eggs, placing near by a ball of pollen for the young to feed upon.

<sup>a</sup> FRĀM'ED, formed; made.

<sup>b</sup> STRICT'EST, most complete.

<sup>c</sup> POP'-U-LOUS, full of people.

<sup>d</sup> TREAT'-ED, waited upon.

<sup>e</sup> MA-JES'-TIC, noble; dignified.

<sup>f</sup> RING'-LET, a small ring. The hind body of the bee consists of six scaly ringlets.

<sup>g</sup> DÔME, an arched roof.

<sup>h</sup> CELL'-ING (seel'-ing), the covering of the inner roof, or top of a room.

[LESSON LXXV. is a brief description of the dwellings and the habits of some of the families of the bees. The honey-bee; its cells; their arrangement; number of bees in a hive; working-bees; drones; and queen. Battles of the honey-bees. Humble-bees, carder-bees; cuckoo-bees; mason-bees; carpenter-bees; mining-bees.]

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## LESSON LXXVI.

### HONEYBALL AND VIOLETTA; OR, THE HIVE-BEE AND THE CARPENTER-BEE.

1. Honeyball was a good-natured, easy kind of creature, who belonged to the city of the Honey-bees. She was very ready to do a kindness if it cost her but little trouble; but she was as lazy as any drone in the hive.

2. Honeyball would have liked to live all day in the bell of a foxglove, with nothing to disturb<sup>a</sup> her in her idle feast. It was said, in the hive, that

more than once she had been known to sip so much, that at last she had been unable to rise, and for hours had lain helpless on the ground.

3. One bright sunny morning, when the bees were early abroad, Honeyball shook her lazy wings, and crept to the door of the hive: there she stood for a few moments, jostled<sup>b</sup> by the passing throng, when she finally flew off in quest of food.

4. How delightful was the air<sup>a</sup>! how fragrant<sup>c</sup> the breeze<sup>d</sup>! The buttercups spread their carpet of gold, and the daisies their mantle of silver over the meadows, all glittering with the drops of bright dew.

5. Honeyball soon found a flower to her taste, and never thought of quitting it till she had sipped away all its honeyed store. She had a dim<sup>d</sup> idea that it was her duty to help fill the honey-cells of the hive; but poor Honeyball was too apt to prefer pleasure to duty.

6. "I should like to have nothing to do!" she murmured, little thinking that a listener was near.

7. "Like to have nothing to do! Is it from a hive-bee that I hear such words! From one whose labor is itself all play!"

8. Honeyball turned to view the speaker, and beheld, on a sign-post near her, the most beautiful bee she had ever seen. She knew her, at once, to be a carpenter-bee. Her body was larger than that of a hive-bee, and her wings were of a lovely violet color, like the softest tint of the rainbow.

9. Honeyball was a little ashamed of what she had said, and a little confused by the speech of the

stranger: but as all bees consider each other as cousins, she thought it best to put on a frank, easy air.

10. "Why, certainly," said she, "flying about upon a morning like this, and sipping honey from flowers, is pleasant enough for a time. But may I ask, lady-bee, if you do not think it hard to work in wax'?"

11. "To work in wax'!" scornfully replied Violetta—"a soft thing which you can bend and twist any way, and knead<sup>e</sup> into any shape that you choose'! Come and look at my home here', and then ask yourself if you have any reason to complain of *your* work'!"

12. Honeyball looked forward with her two honey-combed eyes, and upward and backward with her three others, but not the shadow of a hive could she see any where. "May I venture to ask where you live'?" said she at last.

13. "This way," cried Violetta, waving her feeler, and pointing to a little round hole in the post, which Honeyball had not noticed before. It looked gloomy, and dark, and strange; but Violetta, who took some pride in her mansion,<sup>f</sup> requested Honeyball to step in.

14. "You can not doubt my honor," said she, observing that the hive-worker hesitated, "or be suspicious of a cousin'?" Honeyball assured<sup>g</sup> her that she had never dreamed of such a thing, and entered the hole in the post.

15. For about an inch the way sloped gently downward, then suddenly became straight as a

well, and so dark, and so deep, that Honeyball would never have attempted to reach the bottom, had she not feared to offend her new acquaintance.

16. She had some hopes that this deep passage might be only a long entrance, leading to some cheerful hive; but after having gone to the very end, and finding nothing but wood to reward her search, she crept again up the steep narrow way, and with joy found herself once more in the sunshine.

17. "What do you think of it?" asked Violetta, rather proudly.

"I—I—do not think that your hive would hold many bees. Is it perfectly finished, may I inquire?"

18. "No'; I have yet to divide it into chambers for my children, each chamber filled with a mixture of pollen and honey, and divided from the next by a ceiling of glue and sawdust. But the boring was finished to-day."

19. "You do not mean to say," exclaimed Honeyball in surprise, "that that long gallery was ever bored by bees'?"

20. "Not by *bees'*," replied Violetta, with a dignified<sup>h</sup> bow, "but by *one' bee*; I bored it all myself."

21. The indolent Honeyball could not conceal her amazement. "Is it possible that you sawed it all out with your teeth'?"

"Every inch of the depth," Violetta replied.

22. "And that you can gather honey and pollen enough to fill it'?"

"I must provide<sup>i</sup> for my children, or they would

starve," replied Violetta. "Away down there I lay my little eggs."

23. "And you can make ceilings of such a thing as sawdust to divide the home of your children into cells'?"

"This is perhaps the hardest part of my task, but yet it must be done."

24. "Where will you find sawdust for this carpenter's work'?" asked Honeyball.

"See yonder little heap which I have gathered —these are my cuttings, from my tunnel in the wood."

25. "You are, without doubt, a most wonderful bee, my fair cousin! And you really labor all alone'?"

"Yes, all alone," replied Violetta.

26. Honeyball thought of her own cheerful hive, with its thousands of workers, and divisions of labor, and waxen cells dripping with golden honey. She could scarcely believe her own five eyes when she saw what one industrious insect, but little larger than herself, could do!

27. Her surprise, and her praise, pleased the violet bee, who took pride in showing every part of her work, describing her difficulties, and explaining her manner of working.

28. "One thing strikes me," said Honeyball, glancing down the tunnel. "I should not like to have the place of the eldest of your children, imprisoned down there in the lowest cell, and unable to stir till all her sisters have eaten their way into daylight."

29. Violetta gave what in Bee-land is considered a smile. "I have thought of that difficulty, and of a remedy too," said she. "I am about to bore a little hole at the end of my tunnel, to give the young bee a way of escape from its prison."

30. "And now," added Violetta, "I will detain<sup>k</sup> you no longer, so much remains to be done, and time is so precious. You probably have something to collect for your hive: I am too much your friend to wish you to be idle."

31. Honeyball thanked her new acquaintance, and flew away, somewhat the wiser for her visit, and better contented with her condition in life; for she felt that not for ten pairs of purple wings would she change places with the carpenter-bee.

<sup>a</sup> DIS-TURB', trouble; annoy.

<sup>b</sup> JOS'-TLED, run against; pushed about.

<sup>c</sup> FRA'-GRANT, sweet-smelling; odorous.

<sup>d</sup> DIM, faint; indistinct.

<sup>e</sup> KNEAD, work and mix; mould; form.

<sup>f</sup> MAN'-SION, dwelling; residence.

<sup>g</sup> AS-SURED', declared; promised.

<sup>h</sup> DIG'-NI-FIED, stately; marked with dignity. [for.

<sup>i</sup> "PRO-VIDE' FOR," make preparations

<sup>j</sup> TUN'-NEL, hole; passage.

<sup>k</sup> DE-TAIN', delay; hinder.

[LESSON LXXVI. In the fable of Honeyball and Violetta, the habits of the hive-bee here described, and of the carpenter-bee, illustrate two opposite phases of character that are often met with elsewhere than in bee-land: the one, that of the idler, preferring pleasure to duty, discontented, and to whom every labor is an irksome task; the other, industrious, contented, and happy, and shunning no toil required by duty.

The story faithfully represents the habits and the wonderful labors of the beautiful carpenter-bee, in constructing the habitation for its young. As the first laid and lowest egg hatches first, the young bee would have no way of getting out, if the mother-bee had not provided for this by boring a hole into the bottom of the nest. Who *told* the mother-bee that the lowest egg would hatch first? And who taught her how to provide for the escape of the young? By a peculiar instinct, each young one, as it hatches, turns its head downward, and all thus pass out by the back door of the dwelling.]

LESSON LXXVII.  
THE THRUSH'S SONG.



1. Methought<sup>a</sup> a thrush upon a tree  
Sweetly sang one day to me,  
“Poet’, poet’, hear me’, hear me’!”  
“Hear thee’?” I at once replied;<sup>b</sup>  
“Honest fellow, yes, with pride.”  
And then he poured out such a tide  
Of joy, to cheer me.
2. “Happy, happy bird,” said I,  
“Ever would I linger<sup>c</sup> by.”  
“Poet’, poet’, hear me’, hear me’!”  
Loud, and louder yet he sang,  
Till the distant woodlands rang  
With his wild and merry clang<sup>d</sup>—  
And all to cheer me.

<sup>a</sup> ME-THOUGHT’, I thought.  
<sup>b</sup> RE-PLIED’, answered.

<sup>c</sup> LIN’-GER, loiter.  
<sup>d</sup> CLANG, song.

[LESSON LXXVII. The sounds produced by a correct reading of the third line in each verse are in imitation of the notes of the thrush. The family of the thrushes includes our wood-thrush, the English mavis, the American robin, the mocking-bird, etc. The cut at the head of the lesson represents the mocking-bird.]

## LESSON LXXVIII.

## SPEAK GENTLY: KINDLY.

1. Speak gently: it is better far  
To rule by love than fear:  
Speak gently: let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.
2. Speak gently: 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well:  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.
3. Speak kindly to thy fellow-man',  
Lest he should die while yet  
Thy bitter accents<sup>a</sup> wring his heart  
And make his pale cheeks wet.
4. Speak not harshly': much of care  
Every human heart must bear.  
By thy childhood's gushing tears',\*  
By thy grief in after years',  
By the anguish<sup>b</sup> thou dost know',  
Add not to another's woe'.
5. Speak not harshly': much of sin  
Dwelleth every heart within.  
By the wrongs thou didst not shun',  
By the good thou hast not done',\*  
With a gentle spirit scan<sup>c</sup>  
The weakness of thy brother man.
6. Speak kindly to thy brother man', for he has  
many cares thou dost not know'; he has many  
sorrows thine eye has not seen'; and his heart may,  
even now, be breaking.
7. Oh, speak kindly to him. Perhaps a word  
from thee will kindle the light of joy within him,

\* Earnest entreaty requires the falling inflection. See RULES IX. and X.

and make his pathway of life more pleasant. Harsh words can never recall<sup>d</sup> the erring—kindness may.

<sup>a</sup> ACCENTS, words; modulation of the voice in speaking. | <sup>c</sup> SCAN, look upon; examine closely.  
<sup>b</sup> ANGUISH, grief; agony. | <sup>d</sup> RE-CALL', call back.

[LESSON LXXVIII. is an exhortation to gentleness and kindness, in speech and conduct, on the principle that it is better to rule by love than by fear—that harsh words mar the good we might do, etc. We are appealed to, through the remembrance of our own sorrows, not to add, by harsh words, to another's woe; and we are exhorted, by being reminded of our own errors, not to be too severe upon the errors of others.]

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## LESSON LXXIX.

### THE FARMER IN AUTUMN.



An Autumn Scene.

1. Here is a picture of an autumn scene in the country, showing the farmer at work after he has finished his summer harvest. He now plows over

his summer-fallows,\* and sows his winter wheat and winter rye—that is, wheat and rye that are to remain in the field during the winter, and be harvested the next summer. After the wheat is sown, it is covered with earth by the use of a drag, or harrow. Wheat and rye that are sown in the spring are called spring wheat, and spring rye.

2. The fall-sown grain comes up before the winter sets in': but if there is but little snow during the winter', and if the ground freezes and thaws often', the roots of the grain are apt to be thrown out of the earth', and the grain then dies'. The farmer says it is *winter-killed*. Much snow, during the winter, is good for the wheat and rye, as it keeps the ground warm.

3. After the fall-sowing, comes the general gathering of the apples. And first, the winter apples must be carefully picked from the trees. They

must not be shaken off, for they would be bruised by the fall, and the bruising would cause them to decay.

4. Who can name the best kinds of winter apples'? Is not the *greening* a general favorite'? Is it as

good in the fall of the year, as in the winter'?

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\* Land left *fallow*, or unsown, during the summer. See page 116.



Gathering Apples.

Why not? What can be said in favor of the pippin, the seek-no-farther, and the russets?

5. After the winter apples have been carefully gathered, the trees are shaken, and cleared of their fruit; or the apples are beaten off with a pole. These remaining apples are picked up and carried to the cider-mill, where they are ground into a soft pulpy mass.

6. Formerly the apples were crushed by a large wooden wheel, which was drawn around in a large circular trough, as we see in the picture below. The new and better kind of cider-mill is also shown in the picture.



Old Mill.



New Mill.

7. When the apples have been crushed, or ground fine, the pulp is put into presses, and the juice is pressed from it. This fresh juice is the sweet cider

which most persons are so fond of: but in a few weeks it becomes sour; and if it be left exposed to the air, it will in time turn to vinegar.

8. And what merry times boys have, in the fall of the year, in nut-gathering—and not only the boys, but the squirrels also. After a few hard frosts the shucks of the hickory-nut, and the burs of the chestnut open, and their fruit falls to the ground. Sometimes boys climb the trees, and shake off the nuts, or they beat them off with a pole. Boys gather black walnuts, and butternuts also.

9. Gaily chattering to the clattering  
Of the brown nuts, downward patterning,  
Leap the squirrels red and gray.  
On the grass land, on the fallow,  
Drop the apples, red and yellow;  
Drop the russet pears, and mellow;  
Drop the red leaves all the day.

[LESSON LXXIX. The story of the farmer's life is here continued, from page 129. Plowing and sowing in autumn. The fall-sown grain. Gathering apples. Winter apples. Making cider. Nut-gathering. Closing lines of poetry. What trees have the *reddest leaves* in autumn?]

#### BAD THOUGHT.

Bad Thought's a thief'! He acts his part';  
Creeps through the window of the heart';  
And if he once his way can win',  
He lets a hundred robbers in.

#### ADVICE.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek',  
Five things observe with care';  
*Of whom you speak', to whom you speak',*  
And *how'*, and *when'*, and *where'*.

## LESSON LXXX.

THE FARMER IN AUTUMN—*Continued.*

Corn-husking by Moonlight.

1. Has the farmer any work to do in the fields, after the fall-sowing, and the gathering of the apples'? Have all his crops been gathered'? Has his Indian corn been secured'? It is now that his corn harvest begins—in those pleasant autumn days that are called the "Indian summer," when the air is almost as soft and balmy as in spring-time.

2. Sometimes the corn is cut up by the roots, and drawn off to some grassy spot, where the ears of corn are husked, and then stored away in the barn, the corn-crib, or the corn-house. The corn-stalks are bound up in bundles, to serve as fodder for the cattle in winter.

3. Sometimes the corn is husked where it grew, after the stalks have been cut off as low down as the ear. Sometimes the ears of corn are picked off before they are husked, and carried to the barn, there to be stripped of their husks in cold weather, when but little out-door work can be done.

4. There is a picture of a corn-husking, or husking-bee, at the head of this lesson, and this is the story of it. The old man who lived in the cottage which we see, was poor, and he was sick also, and he did not know how he should get his corn husked. He was greatly troubled about it; for he needed the corn, to make Indian meal of it for himself and his family; and he needed the corn-stalks, and husks, for his cow.

5. His neighbors talked the matter over, and they agreed that they would make a husking-bee for him. So one cool but pleasant November evening they went—more than twenty of them—and the old man knew nothing about it—and by midnight they had husked out all his corn, and put it up nicely in the corn-crib. They had a pleasant time.

6. I wish I could have seen the old man, and heard what he said, when he looked out of the window the next morning, and found his corn-crib full of corn, and the corn-stalks handsomely stacked up near by. I think a tear started in his eye, as he said, “My good neighbors have done this. May the Lord bless them for all their kindness to me.”

[LESSON LXXX. The story of the farmer's life in autumn is here continued. The corn harvest—Indian summer. Methods of securing the corn. A corn-husking by moonlight.]

## LESSON LXXXI.

## AUTUMN.

1. Summer's over—summer's over—  
Sighing breezes whisper now';  
And the leafless trees now cover  
Misty vale and mountain's brow.
2. Now do Autumn's winds come rushing';  
Now December's tempests moan';  
Now the leaves, in beauty blushing',  
O'er the faded earth are strown.

[LESSON LXXXI. is a brief but vivid poetical description of autumn. The "sighing breezes" that announce the departure of summer, give place, in December, to "rushing winds," and "moaning tempests." What is the meaning of "the leaves *in beauty blushing?*" ]

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## LESSON LXXXII.

## WHY CALL ME POOR?

1. Why call me poor'? The sunbeams smile  
As warmly, brightly on my home,  
Though 'tis an humble, log-built pile,  
As on the lordly palace dome.
2. Why call me poor'? Content am I  
My lot to bear, where'er it be;  
Though grief may sometimes cloud my sky,  
I'll hope a brighter day to see.
3. Why call me poor'? I am not so,  
While God's rich bounty still is mine:  
To him my all of good I owe—  
Whom', scioner', owest thou for thine'?

[LESSON LXXXII. The answer to the question, "Why call me poor?" is designed to express the idea that no one is poor who can enjoy the ordinary gifts of God's providence, who is *contented* with his lot, who lives in *hope* of a brighter day, and who *feels* that he owes all to God alone.]

## LESSON LXXXIII.

## THE WATER-RAT.



1. Go with me to the stream, on this bright summer day,  
And I'll show you the brown water-rat at his play;  
A glad, innocent creature, for whom was ordained<sup>a</sup>  
The quiet of brooks, and the plants they contained.
2. But, hush'! step as lightly as leaves in their fall:  
Man has wronged him, and he is in fear of us all.  
See'! there he is sitting, the tree-roots among,  
And the reed-sparrow by him is singing his song.
3. See how gravely<sup>b</sup> he sits'! how sedate<sup>c</sup> and how still,  
Like a hermit of old at his mossy door-sill'!  
See, see'! now his mood of sedateness is gone,  
And some very queer motions he'll show us anon.
4. Look'! look now'! how quickly the water he cleaves'<sup>d</sup>!  
And again he is up 'mong those arrow-head leaves;  
See his little black head'! how his eyes, sparkling, shine'!  
He has made up his mind on these dainties to dine!
5. Sure, he has not a want which he can not supply  
In a water like this, with these water-plants nigh.  
Yes; a plentiful<sup>e</sup> table is spread for him here:—  
What a pity it is man has taught him to fear!

6. Look'! look at him now'! how he sitteth afloat  
 On the broad water-lily leaf, as in a boat'!  
 See the antics<sup>f</sup> he plays'! how he dives in the stream  
 To and fro—now he chases that dancing sunbeam;  
 Now he stands for a moment, as if half perplexed,<sup>g</sup>  
 In his frolicsome<sup>h</sup> heart, to know what to do next.
7. Ha'! see him now'! that dragon-fly sets him astir,  
 And he launches away like a brave mariner;<sup>i</sup>  
 See there'! up the stream how he merrily rows,  
 And the tall fragrant<sup>j</sup> water-reed bows as he goes'!  
 And now he is lost at the foot of the tree;—  
 'Tis his home, and a snug little home it must be.
8. And 'tis thus that the water-rat liveth all day,  
 In these small pleasures wearing the summer away';  
 And when winter comes', and the water-plants die',  
 And the little brooks yield him no longer supply',  
 Down into his burrow<sup>k</sup> he cozily<sup>l</sup> creeps,  
 And quietly through the long winter-time sleeps.  
 Thus, in summer, his table by Nature is spread';  
 And old mother Earth makes, in winter, his bed.

MRS. HOWITT.

<sup>a</sup> OR-DĀINED', appointed.

<sup>b</sup> GRĀVE'-LY, solemnly.

<sup>c</sup> SE-DĀTE', calm; undisturbed.

<sup>d</sup> CLĒAVES, divides by swimming.

<sup>e</sup> PLEN'-TI-FUL, bountiful; abundant.

<sup>f</sup> AN'-TICS, queer motions; oddities.

<sup>g</sup> PER-PLEX'ED, puzzled.

<sup>h</sup> FROL'-IC-SOME, full of playfulness.

<sup>i</sup> MAR'-I-NER, seaman; sailor.

<sup>j</sup> FRA'-GRANT, sweet-smelling.

<sup>k</sup> BUR'-ROW, hollow place in the earth.

<sup>l</sup> CO'-ZI-LY, snugly; comfortably.

[LESSON LXXXIII. is a description of the habits of the water-rat, in his home by the meadow-stream. The innocent pleasures in which he "wears the summer away," when he is undisturbed, are described. He sleeps in his burrow through the winter.]

### GENTLE WORDS AND KIND DEEDS.

One gentle word that we may speak,

Or one kind, loving deed,

May, though a trifle poor and weak,

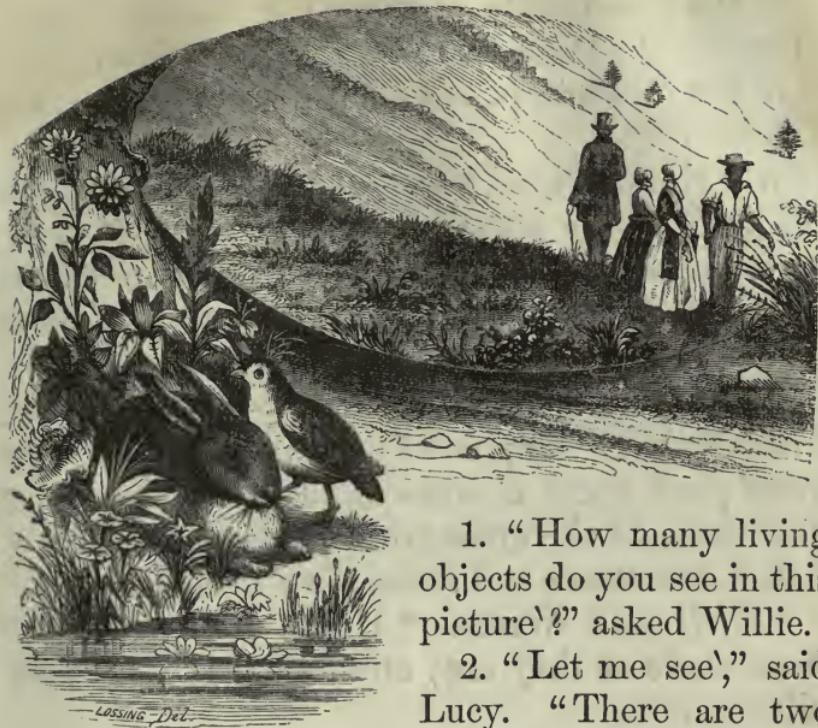
Prove like a tiny seed:

And who can tell what good may spring

From such a very little thing!

## LESSON LXXXIV.

## WHAT ARE LIVING OBJECTS.



1. "How many living objects do you see in this picture?" asked Willie.  
 2. "Let me see," said Lucy. "There are two men', and two women', and a bird', and a rabbit'. That makes six in all. *Six* living objects."

3. "Are you sure that is right?" asked Willie. "Can't you find any more? I think I can see a *great many* more."

4. "Now where', Willie'? There may be some more over the ridge of the hill, or in the grass', or among the flowers': but *I* can't see them'. There may be a great many *insects* flying about the flowers; but I am sure they are not in the picture."

5. "I think I can see more than a *dozen* living  
I

objects," said Willie. "Don't you see the lilies in the water', and the flowers around the rabbit', and all the grass on the ridge where the people are', and the three little trees on the hill-side beyond them'? And are not all these *living* objects'? Are not all those plants alive'? and the grass, and the trees'?"

6. "Now', Willie', you are always trying to puzzle' me." Lucy sat silent for a while'; but pretty soon she asked, "Why do you call the trees, and the grass, *live* objects'? They can not move about, like animals'."

7. "No," said Willie; "but they *grow*', and they are *alive*', are they not'? There are some *dead* trees'; and there is some dead grass'; but when the trees and the grass grow, are they not alive'?"

8. "Are *stones*, and *rocks*, alive'?" asked Lucy.

"No'," said Willie. "Uncle John says they were made as they are; and that they were never alive."

9. Just then Uncle John came in, when Lucy asked him why trees and plants are *live* objects, any more than stones.

10. "Because," he replied, "the tree and the little plant have *roots* by which they get their food from the earth, *leaves* by which they breathe, and little tubes, or *sap vessels*, through which the sap flows to nourish them. Have stones any such way of living'?"

11. Lucy saw there was a greater difference between plants and stones than she had ever thought of; and that plants, as well as animals, really *live*,

and grow. "But *why*," she asked, "do not stones live and grow also?"

12. "I can not tell you *why* they do not," said Uncle John, "any more than I can tell you why God did not make all things alike. All we can say, is, *God made them so.*"

[LESSON LXXXIV. The chief design of this lesson is to lead children to reflect upon the leading distinctions between animate and inanimate nature. Let the teacher aid the pupils in following out the reflections which the lesson naturally suggests.]

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### LESSON LXXXV.

#### NOW AND THEN:—*By-and-By.*

1. "*Now*" is the syllable ever ticking from the clock of Time. "*Now*" is the watchword of the wise. "*Now*" is on the banner of the prudent.

2. Let us keep this little word always in mind. Whenever we have any work or study to do', we should do it with all our might', remembering that "*Now*" is the only time we can call our own.

3. We shall find it a poor way to get through the world, if we fall into the habit of putting off till to-morrow, what should be done to-day', saying, "*Then*' I will do it." No'! this will never answer. "*Now*" is ours. "*Then*" may never be.

4. Do not trust to that mischief-maker *By-and-By*. He is a bad pilot'; and if you listen to him', on the desolate shores of NEVER he will be sure to land you—*by-and-by*.

5. There is a little mischief-making  
Elfin,<sup>a</sup> who is ever nigh',  
Thwarting<sup>b</sup> every undertaking';<sup>c</sup>  
And his name is *By-and-By*.

6. What we ought to do *this minute*,  
 "Will be better done," he'll cry,  
 "If to-morrow we begin it:"  
 "Put it off," says *By-and-By*.
7. Those who heed the treacherous wooing,<sup>d</sup>  
 Will his faithless guidance rue;<sup>e</sup>  
 What we *always* put off doing',  
 Clearly we shall *never*<sup>f</sup> do.
8. We shall reach what we endeavor,  
 If on "*Now*" we more rely;  
 But, unto the realms of *NEVER*,  
 Leads the pilot *By-and-By*.

<sup>a</sup> ELF'-IN, a fairy; an imaginary wandering spirit.

<sup>b</sup> THWART'-ING, opposing; frustrating.

<sup>c</sup> UN-DER-TÄK'-ING, any kind of business, work, etc. [station.]

<sup>d</sup> WOO'-ING, solicitation; persuasive invitation.

<sup>e</sup> RUE, regret; be sorry for.

[LESSON LXXXV. This is a lesson upon the danger of *Procrastination*—of putting off, till to-morrow, what should be done to-day. It is a fitting sequel to LESSONS XX., XXI., XXXI., XXXII., and LXXIV.]

## LESSON LXXXVI.

### THE CROWS AND THE WIND-MILL.—*A Fable.*

1. It seems there was once a wind-mill—history does not tell us exactly where, and I suppose it is not much matter where it was—which went round and round, day after day. It did no harm to any body. It never knocked any body down, unless he got under it, within reach of its great arms. What if it did use the air<sup>g</sup>! It did not hurt the air any, for the air was just as good for breathing after it had turned the mill, as it was before.

2. But there was a flock of crows in the neighborhood, that took quite a dislike to the innocent mill. They said there must be some mischief about

it. They did not at all like its actions. The swinging of those long arms, for a whole day at a time, really looked suspicious.<sup>a</sup> And, besides that, it was rumored,<sup>b</sup> in the crow-village, that a good-natured crow once went to look at the wind-mill, and that the great thing hit him a knock with one of its arms, and killed him on the spot.

3. Some half a dozen of the flock of crows that felt so much alarmed were talking together, at one time, when the conversation turned, as was generally the case, upon the giant mill. After talking a while, it was thought best to call a council<sup>c</sup> of all the crows in the country, to see if some means could not be hit upon, by which the dangerous thing could be got rid of.

4. The meeting was called, and the council met in a corn-field. Such a cawing and chattering was never before heard in that neighborhood. They appointed a chairman—perhaps we ought to say a chair-crow—and other officers, and proceeded to business.

5. As is usual in public meetings of this nature, there were many different opinions as to the question, “What is best to be done with the wind-mill?” Most of the crows thought the wind-mill a dangerous thing—a *very* dangerous thing indeed: but then, as to the best mode of getting rid of it, that was not so easy a matter to decide.

6. There were some crows at the meeting who were for going, at once, right over to the wind-mill—all the crows in a body—and destroying the thing on the spot. In justice to the crow family

in general, however, it ought to be stated that those who talked about this warlike measure were rather young. Their feathers were not yet quite fully grown, and they had not seen so much of the world as their fathers had.

7. After there had been much loud talking, all over and around the great elm-tree where the council was held, one old crow said he had a few questions to ask. He had a plan to recommend, too—perhaps—and perhaps not. It would depend upon the answers to his questions, whether he gave any advice or not.

8. He would beg leave to inquire, he said, through the chairman, if the wind-mill had ever been known to go away from the place where it was then standing, and to chase crows around the fields, for the purpose of killing them.

9. It was decided that such conduct on the part of the giant had never been heard of. Even the oldest inhabitant, who had heard, from his grandfather, the story about the unhappy fate of the crow that perished by a blow from the giant's arms, did not remember to have heard that the wind-mill had ever made such warlike visits.

10. "How then," the speaker wished to know, "was that crow killed in old times'?"

The answer was, "By venturing<sup>d</sup> too near the mill."

11. "And is that the only way that any of us are likely to get killed by the wind-mill?"

"Yes," the *scare-crow* said, "that is the way, I believe."

And the crows generally nodded their heads, as much as to say, "Certainly, of course."

12. "Well, then," said the old crow who asked the questions, "*let us keep away from the mill.* That is all I have to say."

At this the whole council set up a noisy laugh of approbation. The meeting broke up. The general opinion was, that the advice of the last speaker was, on the whole, the safest and best that could be given.

13. There are some things, very harmless in themselves, and very useful too in their proper places, that will be very apt to injure us if we go too near them. In such cases, remember the advice of the wise crow, and *keep away from the mill.*

<sup>a</sup> SUS'-PI'-CIOUS, denoting something wrong. | <sup>c</sup> COUN'-CIL, an assembly for deliberation.  
<sup>b</sup> RU'-MORED, reported; talked of. | <sup>d</sup> VENT'-UR-ING, daring to go.

[LESSON LXXXVI. The fable of the crows and the wind-mill is designed to illustrate the folly of those who are continually going out of their way, and thereby getting into difficulty, and then finding fault with what does not concern them, and in which they have no interest.]

## LESSON LXXXVII.

### BETTER THAN PEARLS, GOLD, AND DIAMONDS.

1. Would it not please you, children, to pick up strings of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the street? Would it make you feel happy for a month to come?

2. Such happiness you can often give to others. Do you ask how? By dropping<sup>a</sup> sweet words'; by making kind remarks'; and by having a pleasant smile for all.

3. These are true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost';—of which none can deprive' you. If you give them away', they will return, and bless you.

4. Speak kindly to that orphan<sup>b</sup> child'. Do you not see the diamonds drop from her cheeks'? Take the hand of that friendless boy'. Do you not see the bright pearls flash in his eyes'? Smile on the sad and dejected<sup>c</sup>. Does not your kindness flush<sup>d</sup> the cheek with a joy more brilliant than the most precious stones'?

5. Wherever you meet the poor, and the sorrowing, give them words of kindness, and pleasant smiles, to cheer and to bless. You will feel happier, when resting upon your pillow, at the close of the day, than if you had found a casket<sup>e</sup> of jewels. The latter fade and crumble in time': the former grow brighter with age, and will shine as stars in the firmament<sup>f</sup> of heaven.

<sup>a</sup> DROP'-PING, uttering; speaking.

<sup>b</sup> OR'-PHAN, bereaved of parents.

<sup>c</sup> DE-JECT'-ED, downcast; dispirited.

<sup>d</sup> FLUSH, cause the blood to rush suddenly to the face.

<sup>e</sup> CASK'-ET, a small box, or chest. [sky.]

<sup>f</sup> FIRM'-A-MENT, the region of the air; the

[LESSON LXXXVII. is a farther illustration of the principle embraced in LESSON LXXVIII. Pleasant smiles, and words and acts of kindness, are often worth more, to the poor and the sorrowing, than pearls, gold, and diamonds. And, what is more, *all of us* have the former to bestow.]

### LESSON LXXXVIII.

#### WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS.

1. Little WORDS of kindness,  
How they cheer the heart'!  
What a world of gladness  
Will a *smile* impart'!

2. How a gentle accent  
    Calms the troubled soul,  
    When the waves of passion  
        O'er it wildly roll !
3. Little Acts of kindness—  
    Nothing do they cost' ;  
    Yet when they are wanting',  
        Life's best charm is lost.
4. Little acts of kindness—  
    Richest gems of earth—  
    Though they seem' but trifles',  
        Priceless is their worth.

[LESSON LXXXVIII. is a continuation of the subject embraced in LESSONS LXXVIII. and LXXXVII. Words and acts of kindness are of *priceless worth.*.]

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### LESSON LXXXIX.

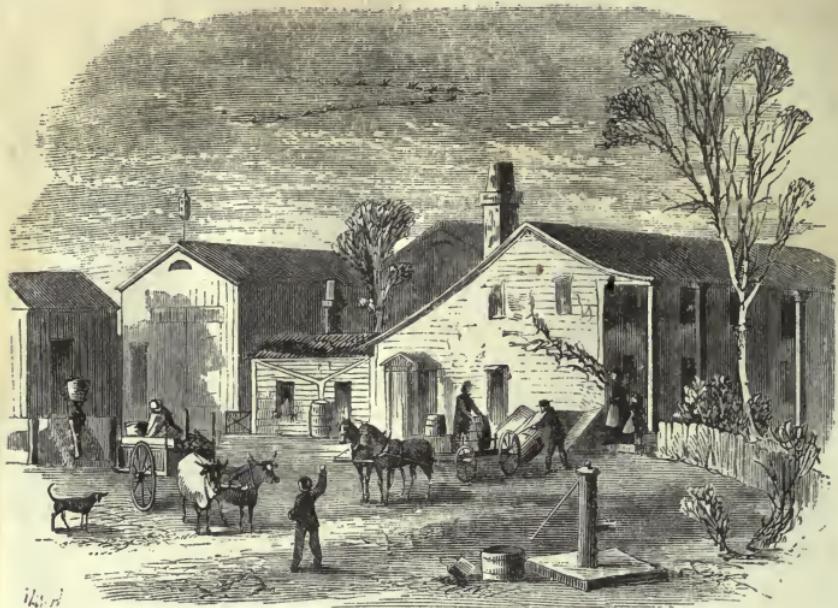
#### THE FARMER IN WINTER.

1. On the next page is a picture of the same farm-house that we saw at the beginning of the lessons about the farmer.\* But the scene has changed. It was then in the spring-time. It is now late in the season, and winter is near.
2. After the corn-harvest, there is little for the farmer to do on his farm; but sometimes he does not get through with the husking until it is bitter cold, and a few large snow-flakes now and then warn him that the Indian summer is over.

3. But there are other signs of approaching winter. Why does the farmer watch for the first flocks of wild geese from the North? When the Northern lakes freeze over, the wild geese leave

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\* See page 110.



Getting in the Winter Supplies.

them, and fly away to a sunnier clime; and when the farmer sees them flying southward, in long lines, as is shown in the picture, or hears their shrill voices at night as they pass in the air far above him, he knows that winter will soon come.

4. But are the farmer and the farmer's sons idle during the winter? Are not the cattle, and the sheep, and the horses to be taken care of? They would starve if no hay were given to them. So twice a day—in the morning, and just at sunset—the farmer and his sons go out to fodder the cattle, and the sheep, and to see that they are well protected from the cold, and the storms of winter.

5. But there is more to be done than all this. The wheat, and barley, and oats, and other kinds of grain, are to be threshed out, and taken away and sold; and the wood-shed is to be filled with

firewood for another year. Very few farmers burn coal.



6. Winter is the best time for study. Then the country school-house is filled with happy children busy with their lessons, but eager for play when school is over. For them winter has its many

healthy sports and amusements, among which are snow-balling, sliding down hill or coasting, and sleigh-riding. With all its snow, and storms, and cold, there are many sunny days in winter; and winter is always a pleasant season of the year in a happy country home.

7. Summer is a glorious season,

Warm, and bright, and pleasant;

But the past is not a reason

To despise the present.

So, while Health can climb the mountain,

And the log lights up the hall,

*There are sunny days in Winter,*

After all.

[LESSON LXXXIX. The story of the farmer's life is here continued, from page 189. The Indian summer is now over. Signs of approaching winter. Winter work—taking care of the cattle—threshing the corn. The country school-house. Winter sports.]

A young man idle, an old man needy.

Drive thy business, or thy business will drive thee.  
Every day of your life is a leaf in your history.

## LESSON XC.

## MAY MORNING.

1. It is *May'*—it is **MAY'**,  
And *all earth is gay'*;  
For at last old *Winter'* is quite away'.  
He *lingered* a while on his cloak of snow',  
To see the delicate *primrose'* blow.  
He *saw'* it, and made no *longer'* stay:  
And *now'* it is *May'*—it is **MAY'**.
  
2. It is *May'*—it is **MAY'**!  
And we *bless'* the day  
When we *first'* delightedly so can say.  
*April* had *beams'* amidst her *showers'*,  
Yet *bare'* were her *gardens'*, and *cold'* were her *bowers'*;  
And her *frown'* would *blight'*, and her *smile'* *betray'*:  
But *now'* it is *May'*—it is **MAY'**!
  
3. It is *May'*—it is **MAY'**!  
And the *slenderest spray*  
Holds up a few leaves to the ripening ray;  
And the *birds'* sing *fearlessly'* out on high,  
For there is not a *cloud'* in the *calm' blue' sky'*;  
And the *villagers'* *welcome'* the happy day;  
For, oh! it is *May'*—it is **MAY'**!
  
4. It is *May'*—it is **MAY'**!  
And the *flowers'* obey  
The *leaves'*, which *alone* are *more bright'* than they;  
Yet they *spring'* at the touch of the *sun'*,  
And opening their sweet eyes, one by one,  
In a language of *beauty'*, seem all to say,  
And of *perfume'*, It is *May'*—it is **MAY'**!

[LESSON XC.—an exultation on the arrival of May—is here introduced for the purpose of thorough elocutionary drill in emphasis and inflection. The principal emphatic words are designated by *Italics* and small capitals; and the marks denoting the inflections are used more freely than is generally desirable. The piece is suitable for declamation.]

## LESSON XCI.

THE CHILD AND THE SKEPTIC.—*In Prose.*

1. A little girl was sitting beside a cottage door, on a sultry<sup>a</sup> summer day. The Bible was lying on her knee, and she was reading from its pages, when there passed by a traveler, who begged<sup>b</sup> a glass of water, and a seat to rest himself, for he was faint and weary.

2. "Come in, sir," said the little maiden, "and I will get you a glass of water. Will you take a seat, and rest yourself a while'? Mother is always glad to do what she can to cheer<sup>c</sup> a weary traveler." And while the man drank, and chatted<sup>d</sup> merrily with her, she took her seat again at the cottage door, the Bible on her knee.

3. At length the traveler, quite refreshed,<sup>e</sup> arose to depart. Now it happened that he was a *skeptic*<sup>f</sup>—that is, he did not believe the Bible. So he said, "What, child'! are you still reading the Bible'? I suppose it is your lesson." "Oh no," said the little girl; "it is *no* lesson. I have no task to learn; but I love to read the good book."

4. "And *why*, my little girl," said he, "do you love that book'? Why, this pleasant day, are you sitting here, and reading over its pages'?" She looked up with surprise. "Why love the Bible, do you ask'? I hope you are not angry, sir', but I thought that *every body*' loves this holy book'."\*

5. The skeptic smiled at this answer, but made

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\* In this remark a *question* is implied; and, being a *direct* question, it requires the rising inflection.

no reply: but, as he traveled on, he thought much about what the little girl had said. "It was a strange answer," said he. "And why do not *I* love the Bible too?" he said to himself, with a sigh.

6. He reflected;<sup>g</sup> he resolved:<sup>h</sup> he looked at his own heart within', and he lifted up his thoughts in prayer to God above'. He began to *read* the Bible'; he confessed its truth'; and with sincere love he worshiped the God who made' him. He who had been a proud skeptic', lived and labored many a year after this—*a Bible-loving-man*.

<sup>a</sup> SUL'-TRY, very warm.

<sup>b</sup> BEG'GED, asked for.

<sup>c</sup> CHEER, comfort.

<sup>d</sup> CHAT'-TED, talked familiarly.

<sup>e</sup> RE-FRESH'ED, cooled and relieved.

<sup>f</sup> SKP'-TIC, a doubter; an unbeliever.

<sup>g</sup> RE-FLECT'-ED, considered.

<sup>h</sup> RE-SOLV'ED, determined what to do.

[LESSON XCI. is a *paraphrase*, or free rendering, of the following lesson in poetry. Let the pupils tell the story of the lesson in their own language. It would furnish a series of useful exercises in composition for the pupils to take all the lessons in poetry in this book, and write out the substance of the same in prose.]

## LESSON XCII.

### THE CHILD AND THE SKEPTIC—*In Verse.*

1. A little girl was sitting beside the cottage door',  
And with the Bible on her knee', she read its pages o'er',  
When by there passed a traveler', that sultry summer day',  
And begged some water, and a seat', to cheer him on his  
way'.
2. "Come in, sir, pray, and rest a while'," the little maiden  
cried';  
"To cheer a weary traveler' is mother's joy and pride'."  
And while he drank the welcome draught,<sup>a</sup> and chatted  
merrily',  
She sought again the cottage door, the Bible on her knee'.

3. At length refreshed, the traveler—a skeptic he—uprose<sup>a</sup>:<sup>b</sup>  
 “What! reading still the Bible, child’? your *lesson*, I  
 suppose’.”  
 “No lesson, sir’,” the girl replied; “I have no task to  
 learn’;  
 But often to these stories here’, with joy and love I turn’.”
4. “And wherefore do you love that book, my little maid, I  
 pray’,  
 And turn its pages o’er and o’er, the livelong<sup>c</sup> summer  
 day’?”  
 “Why love the Bible, do you ask’?—how *angry*, sir, you  
 look’:  
 I thought that *every body* loved this holy, precious book.”
5. The skeptic smiled’, made no reply’, and pondering’,<sup>d</sup> trav-  
 elered on’;  
 But in his mind her answer still rose ever and anon:  
 “I thought all loved the holy book’—it was a *strange*  
 reply:  
 Why do not *I* then love it too’?” he whispered, with a  
 sigh.
6. He mused,<sup>e</sup> resolved, examined, prayed’; he looked with-  
 in’, above’;  
 The Bible read, confessed<sup>f</sup> the truth; and worshiped God  
 with love.  
 A nobler life’, from that same hour’, the skeptic proud be-  
 gan’,  
 And lived and labored many a year—a *Bible-loving man*.

<sup>a</sup> DRAUGHT, pronounced *draft*.<sup>b</sup> UP-ROSE’, arose.<sup>c</sup> LIVE'-LONG, long.<sup>d</sup> PON'-DER-ING, meditating.<sup>e</sup> MUSED, considered; reflected.<sup>f</sup> CON-FESS'ED, admitted; acknowledged.

[LESSON XCII. is the same, in substance, as the preceding lesson. The goodness and artless simplicity of the little maiden were probably more effectual in leading the skeptic to serious reflection, than all the sermons he had ever heard.

*Moral.*—The all-powerful influence of good example, even though it come from the humblest individuals.]

## LESSON XCIII.

## THE ANTS IN THE GARDEN.



1. Early one morning in summer, as Willie was walking in the garden, just after the sun had risen, he saw a large number of *ants* collected around an ant-hill, near the hedge, a little distance from the cultivated ground.

2. He called to Uncle John, who was just then coming out of the house; and when Uncle John came up, Willie pointed out to him the swarm of ants. Both then stood and watched the motions of the little insects for some time.

3. While some seemed to be quietly sunning themselves, others were busy bringing out of the hill, and laying down in the sun, little white bodies almost as large as a grain of wheat. Willie

asked Uncle John if these were the eggs of the ants.

4. "No," said he, "these white bodies are the little grubs and the cocoons,<sup>a</sup> which, after a while, will become full-grown ants. The real eggs are white, but they are only about as large as a grain of sand."

5. "But do ants pass through those wonderful changes which you told us about,\* the same as caterpillars and butterflies?" asked Willie.

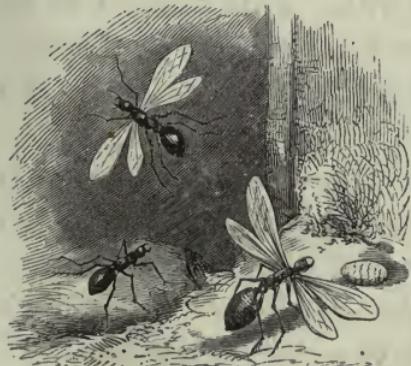
6. "Very much the same," replied Uncle John, "except that, in the last change, only a few become winged insects. Did you ever see an ant with wings, Willie?"

7. "I suppose I have," answered Willie, "now that you say some of them *have* wings. One day, when I was out in the field with our man, he split open a large rotten log, and it was full of holes,

out of which the ants rushed like a swarm of bees; and some of the largest of what seemed to be ants had wings."

8. "Those ants that have wings," said Uncle John, "are the masters and mistresses of the mansion; for they seldom do any work, and

do not often go abroad; but those which you see without wings are the *workers*, or, as they are sometimes called, *neuters*.



Male Ant.  
Worker.

Female Ant.

9. "These *workers*," said he, "like the workers among the bees, gather the food; they also take all the care of the young. They are the *warriors* of the tribe, also; for they bravely defend their homes, sometimes fighting, with hostile tribes, terrible battles, in which hundreds are slain on both sides."

10. "How wonderful!" exclaimed Willie. "I should like to know all about these curious creatures."

11. "You would find," said Uncle John, "that these little ants, which you have seen so often, and yet know so little about, have a most wonderful history. But I will tell you more about them this evening, when Minnie and Lucy can be with us."

12. Willie stood watching the little insects for some time. Soon he saw an ant take up one of the white grubs in its mouth, and carry it into a hole in the top of the ant-hill. This seemed to be a signal for the others, for soon all the grubs, and cocoons, and all the ants also, disappeared in the same way.

13. Where, but a little time before, thousands were running about, now not a solitary ant was to be seen! "And yet," thought Willie, "who knows but all the ground in the garden is alive with these busy creatures! I wonder what kind of homes they live in, and what they are doing down there in the earth! I wonder if Uncle John can tell!"

\* CO-COONS', see page 170.

[LESSON XCIII. gives a brief account of the *ants*, as they are often seen in our gardens and fields. The winged females are much larger than the

males, and the males are larger than the workers. The latter are sometimes called *neuters*. Like the workers among the bees, they are imperfectly-developed females. In time the female loses her wings, either tearing them off herself, or allowing them to be torn off by the workers.]

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## LESSON XCIV.

## THE WONDERS OF ANT-LIFE.

1. These are some of the many wonderful things about ant-life, which Uncle John told the children, when they were assembled, in the evening, around the table in the dining-room.

2. "From the time of Solomon," said he, "ants have been noted for their industrious habits. But it is only those known as *workers* that are industrious; the others are as idle, and as lazy, as the drones in a bee-hive.

3. "As soon as the first rays of the morning sun, in summer, fall upon an ant-hill, those workers that are on the watch at the doors of the dwelling run below, and arouse the sleepers.

4. "Then the working ants pour forth in crowds, when those among them that act the part of nurses may be seen carrying, in their jaws, the little grubs, and also the cocoons,<sup>a</sup> just as the cat carries her kitten. These are left a short time in the sun, to be warmed; then they are carried within doors, when the little helpless grubs—the *babies* of this large family—receive their morning meal.

5. "You may ask what they eat, and how they are fed. The nurses feed them with the sweet juices of plants, which the nurses themselves have swallowed; and they put this food into their

mouths, just as the pigeon, or the dove, feeds its young.

6. "But this is not all that the busy workers have to do. They must gather all the food, not only for themselves, but for the lazy winged ants also. And, besides, they must see that the eggs, the little grubs, and the cocoons, are kept *just warm enough* all the time. If it be a cold day, they carry them down into the lower chambers of the dwelling; and in warm weather they bring them into the upper rooms.

7. "But these workers manage to get some time for play also; for on fine sunny days they may be seen in crowds, running about on the outside of their nests, patting one another with their feelers,<sup>b</sup> rising upon their hind feet, and wrestling, pretending to bite, but never injuring one another when in play.

8. "Although ants kill, and feed upon, most kinds of insects, there is one kind which they treat in the most friendly manner. These are the little insects commonly known as *plant-lice*,<sup>c</sup> on whose bodies may be found a sweet juice called *honey-dew*, which the ants are very fond of. Here is a picture of two or three



Aphides and Ants (the former greatly magnified).

kinds of these insects, with their friends, the ants.

9. "The ants often climb the highest trees, and

search for these little creatures among the leaves; and when they find them they caress them tenderly, patting them gently with their feelers,<sup>b</sup> and sucking the honey-dew from their bodies. They never harm them in the least.

10. "But I have something quite as curious to tell you about *the wars* of the ants; for some kinds of the ants go out in plundering bands, and make war upon their neighbors for the purpose of obtaining *slaves*.

11. "They do not carry off full-grown ants, however, but only the little grubs, or infants. These they carry home, and treat with the kindest care; but when they are grown up, they are kept as *workers*, and they do all the household drudgery in their new homes. They seem to work very willingly; and they even help fight the battles of the colonies to which they belong. They never seem to dream that they were stolen!

12. "But ants sometimes make war upon one another for the purpose of conquest, and to get possession of the dwellings of their neighbors. I will give you an account of one of their battles; although you yourselves may see something of the wars of these insects, if you will look carefully for the ant-hills in our pine-woods, almost any pleasant day in the latter part of summer.

13. "The battle which I am going to tell you of, was between two nests of brown ants on the one side, and five nests of black ants on the other.

14. "First, the brown ants came down from their hills, and took their places on the plain, in a

single line of battle. Then the much more numerous, but smaller black ants, marched down from their hills, and took their places fronting their enemies, in *three* lines of battle; but on their right wing they had a body of several hundred warriors, and on their left wing a mass of nearly a thousand.

15. "Soon the fighting began, and the battle was carried on with great fury on both sides; for the jaws of the ants are powerful weapons. Soon heads, and headless bodies, and torn-out feet and legs, could be seen lying all over that little battle-ground.

16. "After nearly two hours' fighting, in which great numbers were slain, the battle ceased; when all that were left of the brown ants fled. Then the black ants took possession of the dwellings of their enemies, carrying along with them their wounded fellow-soldiers."

17. The children were very much interested in what Uncle John had told them about the ants: it was all new to them, and so wonderful, too! "These," said he, "are only a few of the strange things that are now well known about these curious insects. Thus every part of God's creation is found, when we examine it closely, to be filled with wonders! Even an ant-hill is a little world within itself!"

<sup>a</sup> CO-COON', see page 170.

<sup>b</sup> FEEL'-ERS, called *an-ten'-næ*; the two long, movable organs on the heads of most insects.

<sup>c</sup> PLANT-LICE. Their correct name, in the plural, is *aph'-i-dēs*; singular, *ā'-phis*. There are many species of them.

[LESSON XCIV. continues the history of ant-life. The labors of the ants in taking care of their young. In addition to what is here mentioned, the little eggs, grubs, and cocoons, require to be kept constantly moist by

the saliva of the workers; otherwise they would dry up, and perish. The ants at play. The aphides, or plant-lice. Plundering expeditions of the ants, to provide themselves with slaves, or workers. Their wars for conquest. Account of a battle. Every part of creation filled with wonders.]

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## LESSON XCV.

## THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

1. Into her chamber went  
A little girl one day;  
And by a chair she knelt,  
And thus began to pray:  
“Jesus’, my eyes I close’,  
Thy form’ I can not see’;  
If thou art near me, Lord’,  
I pray Thee, speak to me’.”  
A still small voice she heard  
Within her inmost soul:  
“What is it’, child’? I hear;  
I hear thee—tell me all’!”
2. “I pray Thee, Lord,” she said,  
“That Thou wilt condescend<sup>a</sup>  
To tarry<sup>b</sup> in my heart,  
And ever be my friend.  
The path of life is dark’—  
I would not go astray<sup>c</sup>:  
Oh, let me have thy hand,  
To lead me in the way’!”  
“Fear not’; I will not leave  
Thee, little child’, alone’.”  
And then she *thought* she felt  
A soft hand press her own.
3. “They tell me, Lord, that all  
The living pass away’:  
The aged *soon* must die’,  
And even children *may*’.

Oh, let my parents live  
 Till I a woman grow',  
 For if *they* die', what can  
 A little orphan<sup>d</sup> do'?"  
 "Fear not, fear not, my child'!  
 Whatever ills may come',  
 I'll not forsake thee e'er,<sup>e</sup>  
 Until I bring thee home'!"

4. Her little prayer was said';  
 And from her chamber now  
 She passed forth with the light  
 Of Heaven upon her brow'.  
 "Mother', I've seen the Lord—  
 His hand in mine I felt',  
 And, oh! I heard him say,  
 As by my chair I knelt':  
 'Fear not, fear not, my child'!  
 Whatever ills may come',  
 I'll not forsake thee e'er,  
 Until I bring thee home'!"

<sup>a</sup> CON-DE-SCEND', be willing.

<sup>b</sup> TAR'-RY, remain; dwell.

<sup>c</sup> A-STRAV', out of the right way.

<sup>d</sup> OR'-PHAN, a child who has lost its parents.

<sup>e</sup> E'ER, ever.

[LESSON XCV. is a touching description of a little girl's prayer. She prays that the Lord will draw near, and make his presence known to her—that he will dwell in her heart—lead her in the right way—preserve the lives of her parents, etc. Although she can not *see* the Lord with her natural eyes, she looks upward with the eye of *faith*, and believes that her prayer will be heard and answered.]

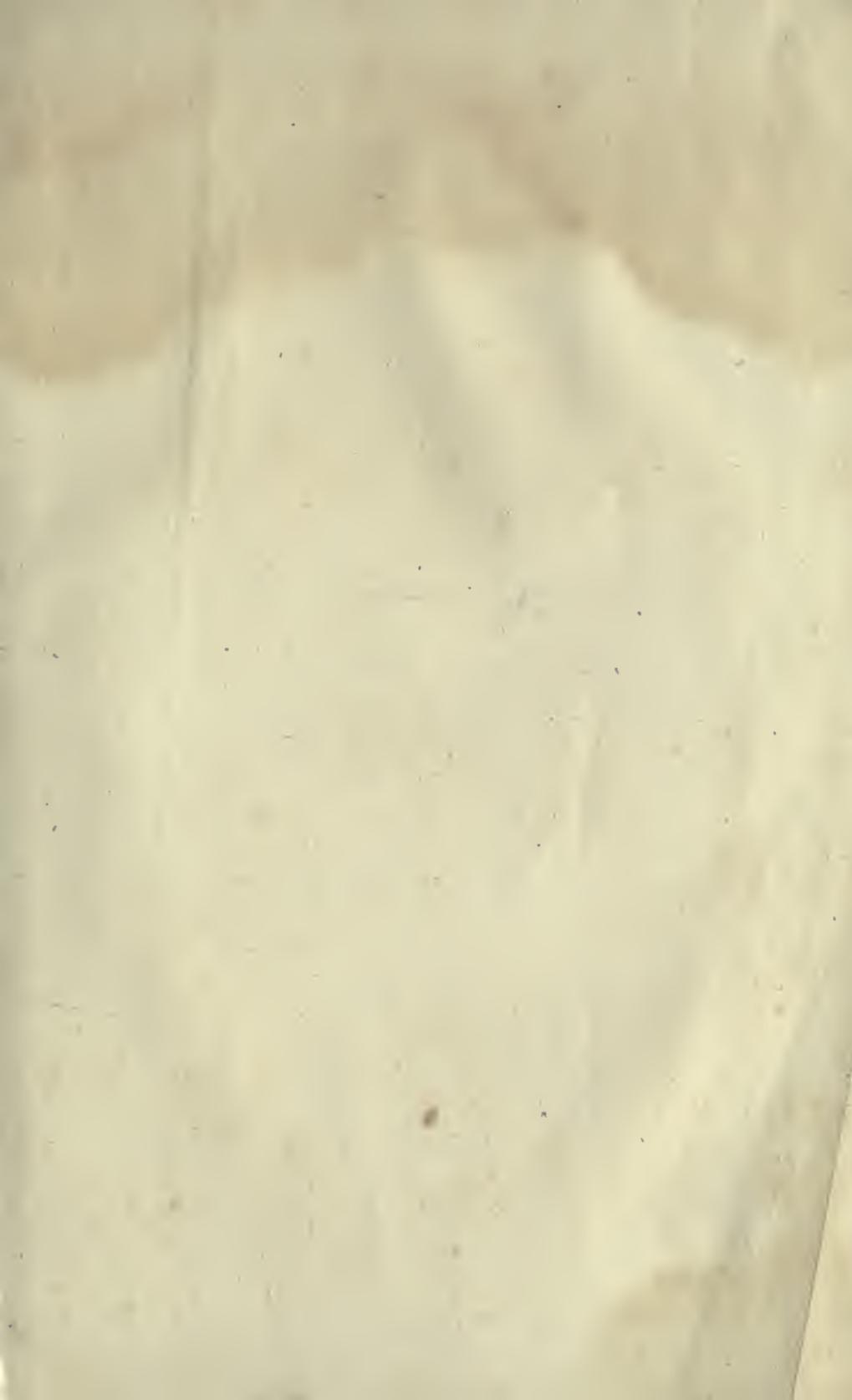
#### THE RECORD OF LIFE.

The record of life runs thus: Man creeps from infancy into childhood—bounds into youth—sobers into manhood—softens into age—totters into second childhood, and stumbles into the grave prepared for him.

THE END.







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